# Masquerade

## by Stephen Cole

**THE DOCTOR: PETER DAVISON**
Time traveller.

**NYSSA: SARAH SUTTON**
Time traveller's companion.

**HANNAH BARTHOLOMEW: FRANCESCA HUNT**
Mannish Edwardian occultist and adventurer, recently discovered to have stowed away aboard the TARDIS…

*NB: The story begins in a* Dangerous Liaisons*-type world – but turns out to be unfolding in an abstract dimension called Shadow-Space. None of the guest characters turn out to be who we (and they) think they are…*

**HÉLÈNE/ DEPUTY TECH-CHIEF HELEN TOWERS:**
(F, l20s-e30s) Helene seems to be the quiet, sullen, spooky 'niece' of a French aristocrat, tending the birds in her orangery. In reality she's space-age middle-management, keeping her development team on track with the 'Shadow Space' project.

**MARQUISE DE RIMDELLE/ SYSTEMS CHIEF RIMDELLE:**
(F, 30s-40s) Rimdelle starts off as a Glenn Close-style French aristo; in reality she's a space-age IT type.

**VICOMTE DE VALDAC/ NEUROSCIENTIST VALDAC:**
(M, 30s-40s) Starts off as the John Malkovich figure; in reality he's a less worldly and somewhat uncertain intellectual, happy to follow orders.

**STEAMROLLER MAN/ MASCHERA #1, #4, #5, #7, #9/ MASCHERA PRIME:**
Attacking cyborg, speaks in sinister nursery rhymes, his tones a little like 'Sparky the Magic Piano'./ Initially we believe the masked Maschera to be the guardians of Shadow-Space – calm, stately, authoritative; in reality, disgruntled aliens [Vasteryoi]./ Their leader.

**DEAD MAN/MASCHERA #2, #3, #6, #8:**
A rambling, demented presence – revealed to be a living 'Dead Man's Switch'./ As above – these particular Maschera being alien Tendragons.

**ALSO: JEAN [FOOTMAN]; MEDICAL DRONE VOICE.**

**DIRECTOR:** KEN BENTLEY
**SCRIPT EDITOR:** ALAN BARNES **PRODUCER:** DAVID RICHARDSON
**EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS:** NICHOLAS BRIGGS & JASON HAIGH-ELLERY

BIG FINISH PRODUCTIONS LTD © 2013

**PART ONE**

**PRE-TITLES:**

**1. INT. ENCLOSED, CLAUSTROPHOBIC SPACE**

(THE DEAD MAN IS SHIVERING, DELIRIOUS, SINISTER)

**DEAD MAN:**
I'm a dead man… The rats have left me and I'm all alone. Where are the rats? I've got to get out… He needs to find me, d'you see? Let me out. I'm dead. I can't be kept in here without the rats. *I'm dead!*

MUSIC: OPENING THEME

**2. INT. DRAWING ROOM OF MARQUISE DE RIMDELLE. DAY.**

**MARQUISE DE RIMDELLE:**
(AT WINDOW) Listen… the birds aren't singing again. (BEAT, THEN CALLS) Vicomte, I said listen.

**VICOMTE DE VALDAC:**
(COMING OVER) Madame?

**MARQUISE:**
So quiet outside. No birds, still.

**VICOMTE:**
It's just the mist. Sounds do not inform our ears in the usual way; the weather deadens the air.

**MARQUISE:**
And my reputation with it. Who will venture out of Paris in such conditions? The glittering salon of the Marquise de Rimdelle! Where once I presided over gatherings of the Highest Society… And who now remains? The unfailing Vicomte de Valdac, already a guest of the house.

**VICOMTE:**
You tire of me, perhaps, Madame?

**MARQUISE:**
Sulking does not become you, Vicomte. Consider my plight – I have mixed with the most brilliant philosophers, diplomats, politicians and great ladies, and now I barely remember when last I had a– [visitor].

(FX: KNOCK AT THE DOOR.)

**VICOMTE:**
A timely interjection.

**MARQUISE:**
My footman. Well, well… (CALLS) Yes, Jean, enter.

(FX: DOOR OPENS AND JEAN THE FOOTMAN ENTERS)

**JEAN:**
Your guests have arrived, madame.

**MARQUISE:**
(PERKS UP) Guests, Jean? Today? I was not expecting anyone.

**JEAN:**
The Doctor, madame, and his two young companions.

**VICOMTE:**
A doctor! (TEASING) Do the doors of the Marquise de Rimdelle's salon open now to the bourgeoisie?

**MARQUISE:**
I am willing to clutch at any distraction. (TO FOOTMAN) Jean, show our guests to the Blue Room. I shall receive them there.

**3. INT. MARQUISE DE RIMDELLE'S RECEPTION ROOM. DAY.**

(NB: THE DOCTOR, NYSSA AND HANNAH HAVE FORGOTTEN THEIR TRUE IDENTITIES; HERE THEY BELIEVE THEMSELVES SIMPLE TRAVELLERS ABROAD FROM ENGLAND.)

**DOCTOR:**
… you'll see this reception room is decorated in the Rococo style, Nyssa, hugely popular here in France.

**NYSSA:**
(PREOCCUPIED) Fascinating, Doctor.

**HANNAH:**
I find it over-fussy.

**DOCTOR:**
Tastes change, Ms Bartholomew. Here in the year 1770 the writing is on the ornately detailed wall for this fashion. Soon the prevailing style will be…

(FX: UNSETTLING HUM – WE HEAR THIS WHEN A CHARACTER IS REMINDED OF THEIR REAL SELF)

**DOCTOR:**
… will be…

**NYSSA:**
Doctor?

**DOCTOR:**
I can't think what I was going to say.

**HANNAH:**
Nor can I. It's not like you can see into the future, is it?

**NYSSA:**
I wish you could. We would know which soirees were to be dreary and so avoid them.

**HANNAH:**
Really, my dear!

(NYSSA and HANNAH laugh)

(FX: MARQUISE AND VICOMTE ENTER)

**MARQUISE:**
Well, well! Our mystery guests.

**DOCTOR:**
Ah! The Marquise de Rimdelle! Enchante, Madame. And your good friend, the Vicomte de Valdac, I assume. Delighted.

**VICOMTE:**
I fear you have me at a disadvantage, monsieur…

**DOCTOR:**
Oh, brave heart, Madame, I'm the… (FALTERS) I'm the Doctor. May I present my young ward, Nyssa, and her governess, Hannah Bartholomew.

**NYSSA:**
How do you do?

**HANNAH:**
Charmed, Madame. Monsieur.

**VICOMTE:**
Delighted.

**MARQUISE:**
I trust your journey here was not too arduous. This most lamentable mist…

**NYSSA:**
Mist?

**HANNAH:**
Simply awful, out there, isn't it!

**DOCTOR:**
Hiding *something* from our scrutiny…

**MARQUISE:**
(POLITE BUT UNCOMFORTABLE LAUGH) Well, now… I'm reluctant to say, Doctor, but you surely must know that admittance to my salon is by personal invitation only…

**DOCTOR:**
Er… You *did* invite us, Madame. Your letter arrived at our lodgings in Paris. I have it here.

(FX: PULLS OUT LETTER. MARQUISE takes it)

**MARQUISE:**
I believe I would remember… Oh. Yes, of course. (LAUGHS SELF-CONSCIOUSLY) What must you think of me, Doctor! Forgive me, please. I've heard Voltaire himself speak most highly of you at court, many times.

**VICOMTE:**
I entreat you, forgive me — Doctor, ladies — but I must beg a private word with Madame de Rimdelle.

**MARQUISE:**
Do excuse me.

**DOCTOR:**
Of course.

(FX: VICOMTE AND RIMDELLE EXIT)

**HANNAH:**
I hope we have not given offence? I have been looking forward to this visit for… for as long as I can remember.

**NYSSA:**
To be truthful, I don't feel very well. A headache.

**DOCTOR:**
No, neither do I. Something feels… very wrong.

**4. INT. ANTECHAMBER. DAY**

(FX: FOOTFALLS ON FLOORBOARDS, SWISH OF SKIRTS ETC AS MARQUISE AND VICOMTE MOVE INTO OUR EARSHOT)

**MARQUISE:**
Really, Vicomte, a private conversation in the alcove? How scurrilous. Whatever can be the matter?

**VICOMTE:**
(TROUBLED) I'm not sure, Madame. An instinct. I would like to know more about these newcomers.

**MARQUISE:**
As would I - there is a most enlightening tool called 'conversation', most instructive if well employed.

**VICOMTE:**
Did Voltaire really speak to you of the Doctor?

**MARQUISE:**
Of course! I cannot understand how inviting him here had slipped my mind. The Doctor studied under Jean Astruc, I understand, and is a most persuasive writer on many subjects in his native England.

**VICOMTE:**
He and his companions are foreigners, then. (PAINED) Aliens…?

(FX: THE UNSETTLING HUM - VALDAC FIGHTS AGAINST CONDITIONING)

**MARQUISE:**
Monsieur?

(FX: HUM FALTERS AND STOPS)

**VICOMTE:**
(USUAL SUAVE SELF AGAIN) I… should like to speak alone with the governess, Madame Bartholomew. So robust a bloom deserves cultivation. Perhaps I might escort both governess and pupil to the orangery to see your niece?

**MARQUISE:**
Ah! Bid welcome to the Vicomte de Valdac of old!

**VICOMTE:**
While Hélène will delight in company her own age, I shall take a private stroll with Madame Bartholomew.

**MARQUISE:**
Since Hélène seems to have taken root amongst her precious plants these days, a little distraction may serve her well. Indeed, it may refresh us all. Go about your wicked business,

then, my dear Vicomte. While I enjoy a private audience with the Doctor.

**5. INT. ENCLOSED, CLAUSTROPHOBIC SPACE**

(THE DEAD MAN, NOT QUITE SO DELIRIOUS)

**DEAD MAN:**
Rats. Are the rats coming back to me…? They're here. All around. Feeling their way in… trying to change it all. But they can't change *me*. I'm dead. I'm a dead man… I won't be changed. And neither will he. He's coming. Shhhhhh… the Steamroller Man is coming.

**6. EXT: THE GARDENS APPROACHING THE ORANGERY. DAY**

(VICOMTE, HANNAH AND NYSSA WALKING OUTSIDE. LAWN UNDERFOOT. THE MIST DEADENS ALL)

**HANNAH:**
The weather is so dismal for August. You should've worn a shawl over that pretty dress, Nyssa.

**NYSSA:**
Where are my own clothes, Hannah?

**VICOMTE:**
You are a little familiar with your governess, mademoiselle, surely?

**HANNAH:**
(EMBARRASSED) Yes, a little more respect, if you please.

**NYSSA:**
Forgive me, Madame, Vicomte. Oh, my head does hurt.

**VICOMTE:**
We have nearly arrived at the orangery. You must rest there.

**HANNAH:**
It would be nice to see a little more of the grounds, monsieur. Beyond the shadows of the trees and topiaries…

**NYSSA:**
They look like sentries in this fog.

**HANNAH:**
Ah, Nyssa, your imagination. Always running away with you.

(FX: VERY FAINT, DISTANT STEAM-PUFFING MECHANICAL SOUND; IT'S THE STEAMROLLER MAN SOUND EFFECT - LIKE AN EVIL 'IVOR THE ENGINE'. ACCOMPANIED BY A SIMPLE, SINISTER NURSERY-RHYMISH MELODY)

**NYSSA:**
(ALARMED) What's that?

**HANNAH:**
What's what? I don't hear anything.

**NYSSA:**
Listen! In the distance! It sounds like… a machine…

**7. INT. DRAWING ROOM OF MARQUISE DE RIMDELLE. DAY.**

**MARQUISE:**
Thank you, Jean. Oh, and would you kindly decant a bottle of the ‘57 Bordeaux for this evening? That will be all.

(FX: JEAN EXITS AND CLOSES DOOR)

**MARQUISE:**
I welcome you to my salon, Doctor. The days have been far too quiet of late.

**DOCTOR:**
Yes, I have that feeling myself. Better that we travel quickly through life and let our deeds call loudly after us.

**MARQUISE:**
Hence your many travels?

**DOCTOR:**
Yes… (DISTRACTED) … my many, many travels. Fuelled perhaps by a feeling of… not belonging. Have you travelled widely yourself?

**MARQUISE:**
Ah, in my youth. I linger near Paris because I am a sick woman.

**DOCTOR:**
I’m sorry?

**MARQUISE:**
Yes - I long ago fell victim to a colic of cultivation and wit.

**DOCTOR:**
(LAUGHS POLITELY) Ah! A condition I’m sure will remain incurable until your dotage.

**MARQUISE:**
If that is your professional opinion, Doctor, then I am delighted. (BEAT) You have such a pleasant, open face… but I do not believe such unaffected simplicity to be the index of your mind. You are hiding shadows, I think. I fear Paris has been unkind to you.

**DOCTOR:**
On occasion. Some time ago I was there with… (PUZZLED BY MEMORY) with the Mona Lisa.

(FX: THE CONDITIONING HUM)

**MARQUISE:**
Displayed at the Palace of Versailles, of course! You mix with the highest of society!

**DOCTOR:**
(PAINED) And I was in Paris again, *long* before that…

(FX: HUM DROPS BUT LINGERS)

**DOCTOR:**
I apologise for my rudeness, Madame. It's if something urgent had slipped my thoughts. My very speech seems unfamiliar to my tongue… as do these fine clothes and this powdered wig…

**MARQUISE:**
I disagree, monsieur. You cut a fine figure.

**DOCTOR:**
I can't help feeling I'd prefer something with deeper pockets… (BEAT) Hannah.

**MARQUISE:**
Madame Bartholomew?

**DOCTOR:**
Nyssa and I were travelling together for some time. How did we come to acquire Hannah…?

**MARQUISE:**
Well, how does one normally acquire a governess? One asks for recommendations, or one advertises… (DRYLY) There again, it was the feast day of *Saint* Bartholomew not long ago—

**DOCTOR:**
(URGENT) The what?

**MARQUISE:**
Saint Bartholomew. Perhaps your namesake governess was sent from celestial circles as a divine gift…?

(FX: UNSETTLING HUM BUILDS)

**DOCTOR:**
The Massacre of St Bartholomew's Eve. The wolves of Paris… Catherine de Medici… (ALOUD) *I was there!*

**8. EXT: OUTSIDE THE ORANGERY. DAY**

(VICOMTE, HANNAH AND NYSSA STILL LISTENING OUTSIDE.)

**HANNAH:**
A machine, you said, Nyssa?

**VICOMTE:**
I hear nothing.

**NYSSA:**
It's stopped now.

**VICOMTE:**
The wind, perhaps? Please, let us keep moving.

**NYSSA:**
(ALARM) What's that up ahead?

**VICOMTE:**
Just the orangery, my dear. I told you it was not far from the house. Though Hélène rarely leaves its confines.

**NYSSA:**
Why not?

(FX: HE OPENS DOOR.)

**HANNAH:**
Ah, warmth!

**VICOMTE:**
Please. After you, *mes dames*.

(CONTINUES INTO:)

**9. INT. ORANGERY. DAY [CONTINUOUS]**

(INSIDE, A COAL-FIRED OVEN ROARS. EXOTIC BIRDS CALL AND CLATTER BETWEEN PERCHES)

**VICOMTE:**
(ENTERING, CALLS) Hélène? Hélène, it's Monsieur Valdac. I have brought visitors from England, guests of your aunt! A young lady — Nyssa — and her governess, Hannah Bartholomew.

**HANNAH:**
Is the girl even here?

**VICOMTE:**
Sometimes, she likes to hide among her plants. A game she plays. (CALLS) Hélène!

**NYSSA:**
I remember a grove I used to visit in childhood. A grove I was supposed to tend… (BEAT) What are all these cages…?

**HANNAH:**
Exotic birds, my dear. Delicate creatures that would perish in the wild.

**NYSSA:**
So kept prisoners indoors?

**HANNAH:**
For their protection.

**VICOMTE:**
Hélène, my dear child, do please come out.

(FX: SULLEN FOOTSTEPS AS HÉLÈNE COMES OUT)

**HÉLÈNE:**
Good day. Please, close the door, the heat's escaping.

**NYSSA:**
Allow me.

**VICOMTE:**
No, please, Mademoiselle. I wish to show Madame Bartholomew a little of the grounds. She expressed an interest…

**HANNAH:**
Certainly, Monsieur.

**VICOMTE:**
Hélène will look after you, Nyssa. We shall return shortly.

(FX: THEY EXIT AND DOOR CLOSES)

**NYSSA:**
(AWKWARD) I'm pleased to meet you, Hélène.

**HÉLÈNE:**
You're not like them, are you?

**NYSSA:**
Well, I— (don't know)

**HÉLÈNE:**
*Are* you?

**NYSSA:**
No. I don't think so.

**HÉLÈNE:**
Well, then. Perhaps we can talk.

**10. INT. DRAWING ROOM OF MARQUISE DE RIMDELLE. DAY.**

(FX: WITH THIS LINE, HUM STOPS)

**MARQUISE:**
My dear Doctor, the massacre of the Huguenots occurred two hundred years— [ago]

**DOCTOR:**
(EPIPHANY) I was there, Madame! August 1572. Coming and going, so many cities since then. So many… worlds!

**MARQUISE:**
You are unwell, monsieur!

**DOCTOR:**
I am in the wrong place, Madame. Eighteenth century France is not where I belong. (PULLS AT HIS REGENCY-STYLE WIG) And these ridiculous accoutrements are really… not… *me!*

**MARQUISE:**
Your wig, monsieur!

**DOCTOR:**
It is *not* mine. My memories have been suppressed so I would accept Nyssa as my ward and Hannah as my… (SIGHS) No. Hannah shouldn't be here at all…

**MARQUISE:**
Your behaviour offends me, Monsieur. I shall ring for my footman, that he may deal with you. Jean!

(FX: SHE RINGS BELL)

**DOCTOR:**
Good idea! Here, give me the bell, would you?

(FX: HE RINGS THE BELL HARDER)

**MARQUISE:**
You are a madman!

**DOCTOR:**
Why have I been stripped of my memories and placed here, hmm? And by whom? Perhaps when Jean arrives he would be kind enough to escort me to my young friends.

**MARQUISE:**
He will escort you from the premeses, Monsieur! (CALLS) Jean! Where the devil are you?

**DOCTOR:**
(MUTTERS) Where are we all…?

**11. EXT. RIMDELLE'S GARDENS. DAY.**

(HANNAH AND VICOMTE ARE WALKING. WE HEAR A FOUNTAIN GURGLING IN THE MIDDLE DISTANCE)

**HANNAH:**
Well, Monsieur Vicomte, I must say, you are good company.

**VICOMTE:**
You are too kind… Hannah.

**HANNAH:**
Somewhat *presumptuous* company, as well! I hope you're not eyeing that pagoda with dubious intent.

**VICOMTE:**
(PUZZLED) I have not seen it before. In the Chinese style, would you say?

**HANNAH:**
I'm afraid I wouldn't know. The style is at odds with the rest of the estate…

**VICOMTE:**
Madame de Rimdelle must have built it in secret.

**HANNAH:**
She looks like a lady who'd have secrets. (SHIVERS) But night begins to fall, and this weather is hardly clement. Let us return to the Orangery. Nyssa is supposed to be in my care.

**VICOMTE:**
Both she and Hélène are such delicate flowers, they are surely thriving in the warm together. Please, madame. Sit here, on the bench. We may observe the fountain and converse a little longer.

(THEY SIT)

**HANNAH:**
Tell me. We arrive to find only you, Madame de Rimdelle, that pretty young niece of hers and the footman… Beyond having a four for bridge, whatever must you do all day?

**VICOMTE:**
The days have always passed fast enough, I assure you. There have been so many of us here. Intrigues and affairs, duels and liaisons…

**HANNAH:**
Everything one would expect of high society. What happened to the others?

**VICOMTE:**
The others? Well, it is quiet now, but… Well. Many summer abroad. (AWKWARD BEAT) And how do your days pass, Madame? Travelling with your employer and the young girl, you must own many tales.

**HANNAH:**
Yes. You'd think so, but…

**VICOMTE:**
You seem troubled.

**HANNAH:**
Nothing that can be helped by a chivalrous leap to the damsel's rescue, I'm afraid. Just a feeling there's something I'm forgetting…

**12. INT. DRAWING ROOM OF MARQUISE DE RIMDELLE. DAY.**

(FX: URGENT RINGING OF BELL)

**MARQUISE:**
Oh! Where can Jean be?

**DOCTOR:**
I don't know. There's much I don't know at present. Too many blanks… My friends are with this Vicomte de Valdac, yes? Do you know him well?

**MARQUISE:**
You said *you* knew the Vicomte.

**DOCTOR:**
And you said Voltaire had spoken of me at court. But Louis the fifteenth expelled him from Paris in 1758 and banned his return indefinitely. In 1770, Voltaire is comfortably installed at his estate in Ferney.

**MARQUISE:**
But I clearly remember him telling— (me)

**DOCTOR:**
A suggestion placed in your mind! It has to be. Just like my journey here, or my believing I knew the vicomte, or my thinking Nyssa and Hannah and I belong in this time. Certain convenient pieces of information have been placed in our minds. Like cover stories, you see?

**MARQUISE:**
Preposterous! You have lost your reason— (monsieur)

**DOCTOR:**
Someone wants my friends and I out of the way - stranded here in a backwater of eighteenth-century France. Wants us to forget who we are. But why? Why here?

**MARQUISE:**
I am asking myself the same question, believe me. (RINGS AGAIN) Jean! Oh, this is insufferable. Now I must hunt down my own servants. You will remain here, Monsieur.

(MARQUISE EXITS)

**DOCTOR:**
Madame… Madame, wait! (FOLLOWS HER)

**13. INT. ORANGERY. DAY**

**HÉLÈNE:**
So, Nyssa. Who are you?

**NYSSA:**
Well, Hélène… I am the ward of the Doctor, an English physician. I have accompanied him to France to build on my education, and to enhance my social standing. My tutor is Hannah— (Bartholomew)

**HÉLÈNE:**
You speak as if by rote! These are dry details. I see in your eyes that, once, you felt life to be an adventure.

**NYSSA:**
Yes.

**HÉLÈNE:**
I felt that way too. Now, I prefer to cultivate plants and tiny birds over acquaintances.

**NYSSA:**
You are very successful. The plants are thriving, the birds happy.

**HÉLÈNE:**
They alone. (SIGHS) I see the Marquise and the Vicomte titter and flirt their way through the empty days without a care - like half-sketched characters in a wit's reminiscence. But so many of the servants have left, so few visitors come to call. Since the mist fell, no one has come. No one besides you.

**NYSSA:**
When did the weather change?

**HÉLÈNE:**
I… I don't know. But… so much is changing. I know it.

**14. INT. ENCLOSED, CLAUSTROPHOBIC SPACE**

**DEAD MAN:**
(MIMICS) 'I know it! I know it!' But you don't know ME! None of you… You're waking up. Coming back to your senses, oh dear, dear, dear… Coming back to me, rats. (SHOUTS) Hello! Hello, I'm here! I'm here! Now, *help me*!

**15. INT. HALL OF MARQUISE DE RIMDELLE. DAY.**

(FX: DOCTOR FOLLOWING MARQUISE THROUGH HALL)

**DOCTOR:**
I need your help, Madame. Anything you can tell me about those who come and go here might trigger a memory that's been repressed… in both our minds, perhaps!

**MARQUISE:**
I tire of these foolish imaginings, Doctor. I asked you wait in my drawing room, not follow me about the hall like a lost animal. Jean!

(FX: SHE RINGS BELL. DOCTOR STOPS BELL)

**DOCTOR:**
Stop that, would you? I think we've established that wherever he is, Jean is not within earshot. (BEAT) Can you recall how long you've lived here?

**MARQUISE:**
The chateau has been in my family's possession for centuries. (SARCASTIC) Of course, as a traveller in time, you are welcome to check.

**DOCTOR:**
Alas, my means of travel has been taken from me. A large blue box, I believe. It's on the tip of my mind, but… (SIGHS) Tell me - where should Jean be now?

**MARQUISE:**
Well… I told him to decant some wine for dinner this evening. From the cellar.

**DOCTOR:**
That's as good a place to look as any, then. Shall we, Madame?

**MARQUISE:**
Oh… very well.

**16. INT. ORANGERY. DAY.**

**HÉLÈNE:**
(HOPEFUL) It's not just me, is it, Nyssa? You feel there's something wrong too?

**NYSSA:**
Oh, Hélène… I've felt strange ever since the Doctor brought us here. Disturbed by something I can't quite remember. And the noise outside…

(FX: DISTANT STEAMROLLER MAN MACHINERY)

**NYSSA:**
There! Do you hear it?

**HÉLÈNE:**
The mechanical noise?

**NYSSA:**
Yes. Just faintly.

**HÉLÈNE:**
(HUSHED) I've heard it before. In the space between the shadows, some uncanny machine, always distant, moving at the fringes of the estate. Circling the house… Watching…

**NYSSA:**
What is it?

**HÉLÈNE:**
There's a name that creeps into my thoughts when the noise comes… The Steamroller Man.

**NYSSA:**
Steamroller Man…?

**HÉLÈNE:**
In the space between the shadows… I cannot explain it. But this Steamroller Man… a little louder each time… I think he's coming closer.

**17. EXT. RIMDELLE'S GARDENS. NIGHT**

(FX: FOUNTAIN GURGLES FAINTLY BUT NOTICEABLY IN B/G. SLOWLY, THE SOUND OF THE STEAMROLLER MAN GETS LOUDER — AS HE GETS CLOSER)

**HANNAH:**
Goodness, Vicomte, how long have we been talking? Night is falling. We should return.

**VICOMTE:**
You still seem troubled, Hannah. The thoughts that will not come…?

**HANNAH:**
Yes.

**VICOMTE:**
Consider: though this mist around us will hide the moon from our sight, we know that she shines on. In the same way…

**HANNAH:**
I grasp the allusion, thank you. But the moon… The crescent moon… (HESITANT, REMEMBERING) Now… is simply our moment in Time's limelight.

**VICOMTE:**
Excuse me?

(FX: THE UNSETTLING HUM)

**HANNAH:**
I have always believed that one day we shall leave our bodies, become spirits of the shadows. Guide others while they bask in the living moment…

**VICOMTE:**
Perhaps, Madame, you have moved beyond your mortal form already.

(SINISTER MUSIC STAB)

**HANNAH:**
What?

**VICOMTE:**
After all, you have the countenance of an angel, do you not?

(FX: HUM BREAKS OFF. SOUND OF STEAMROLLER MAN IS V AUDIBLE, IT'S NEARING THE FOUNTAIN IN BACKGROUND)

**HANNAH:**
(LAUGHS) Really, monsieur. Such fulsome flattery ill-becomes either of us… (TAILS OFF) Listen.

(FX: STEAMROLLER MAN CRASHES THROUGH FOUNTAIN. STONE SMASHES, WATER STOPS GURGLING, STONE IS CRUSHED INTO LAWN)

**HANNAH:**
Listen, how quiet it is. No birds. No wind.

(FX: PATENTLY IT IS NOT SILENT. THE STEAMROLLER MAN STILL SLOWLY APPROACHING, UNDER:)

**HANNAH:**
Shall we return to the Orangery?

**VICOMTE:**
Very well, Madame.

**18. INT. CELLAR, RIMDELLE'S HOUSE. DAY**

(FX: CLASSIC DAMP CELLAR, OCCASIONAL SQUEAK OF RATS)

**DOCTOR:**
Hmm. We could use more light down here.

**MARQUISE:**
It is a cellar, Doctor. Windows are somewhat troublesome to install.

**DOCTOR:**
These candle stubs won't last us long. You don't have any oil lamps?

**MARQUISE:**
We need Jean to fetch some.

(SUDDENLY WE HEAR DEAD MAN SPEAKING, MUFFLED AS THOUGH THROUGH A WALL CLOSE BY)

**DEAD MAN:**
Fetch… He's coming… He knows it's not right.

**DOCTOR:**
Jean?

**DEAD MAN:**
He's coming here. Smash it all down. Level this place.

**DOCTOR:**
Jean, is that you?

**MARQUISE:**
Whom do you hear? I hear no one.

(DOCTOR AND MARQUISE SPEAK OVER DEAD MAN'S RAVING SPEECH BELOW:)

**DEAD MAN:**
Smash it down! Smash the whole place down. Where are the rats? I've got to get out… find him, d'you see? I have to! Let me out. Get me out. I'm dead. I can't be kept in here. I'm dead. I need the rats, I'm dead. (REPEAT IF NECESSARY)

**DOCTOR:**
You can't hear that?!

**MARQUISE:**
I can hear rats. Filthy things. How did you persuade me to venture here…?

**DOCTOR:**
I heard a man's voice. He sounds in great distress. But where is he…? (CALLS) Hello! Do you know where you are?

**DEAD MAN:**
Do you know where you are? No rats. Know where you are.

**DOCTOR:**
Is he mimicking…?

**MARQUISE:**
(ICY) I feel this jest to be in very poor taste.

**DOCTOR:**
Madame, there IS a voice. It could be Jean!

**MARQUISE:**
Jean? (BLANK) Who is Jean?

(PAUSE)

**DOCTOR:**
(ASTONISHED) Your footman. The servant we've been looking for.

**MARQUISE:**
I have no Jean on my staff. Besides, I have given my servants leave for a day. (BLUSTERS) One… one cannot relish privilege until one knows what it means to be without it.

**DOCTOR:**
(URGENT) No. No, think, Madame. We rang for Jean when we were in the drawing room. He didn't appear so we went looking. Why do you think we're here, now?

**MARQUISE:**
Enough, monsieur. I would ask that you depart my house.

**DEAD MAN:**
Depart! If he finds me, we'll depart. Dead man's! Dead…

**DOCTOR:**
I have to find this man, and Nyssa and Hannah.

**MARQUISE:**
I'm going to fetch the Vicomte. I will have you ejected from the property, monsieur!

(SHE STORMS AWAY.)

**DEAD MAN:**
(BELLOWS) You shouldn't be here! He's on his way!

**DOCTOR:**
(CALLS AFTER MARQUISE): Madame de Rimdelle, I believe we are all in great danger!

**DEAD MAN:**
You! Listen to a dead man. The steamroller man is com-iiiiiiing!

**19. INT. ORANGERY. NIGHT.**

**NYSSA:**
Hélène, I think we should find the Doctor and tell him about this Steamroller Man - or whatever it is.

**HÉLÈNE:**
(DISTANT) Night is falling. The grounds, the house, all we know as familiar turns to shadow. And something holds us in this shadow-space, Nyssa. Cultivating us, just as I cultivate these plants and birds… You feel it too, don't you? Something that once was minding us… now, it's changing.

**NYSSA:**
Hélène, I don't understand…

**HÉLÈNE:**
It's turning the shadows themselves against us.

(FX: DOOR THROWN OPEN. RIMDELLE ENTERS)

(NYSSA AND HÉLÈNE BOTH JUMP)

**NYSSA:**
Madame de Rimdelle!

**MARQUISE:**
Hélène, where is the Vicomte?

**HÉLÈNE:**
Out walking in the shadows with the other one.

**MARQUISE:**
With Madame Bartholomew. I must find him.

**NYSSA:**
Madame, what is wrong?

**MARQUISE:**
Your guardian thinks he can make an idiot of me. Well, he cannot. You are to leave my property, forthwith!

**NYSSA:**
I don't understand?

(FX: DOOR OPENS AS VICOMTE AND HANNAH ENTER)

**VICOMTE:**
We heard raised voices…

**NYSSA:**
Hannah! Are you all right?

**HANNAH:**
Nyssa, kindly remember I'm your governess!

**MARQUISE:**
She has no respect, Madame Bartholomew – much like your employer.

(FX: UNSETTLING HUM)

**NYSSA:**
No! These relationships aren't real. We don't belong in this place.

**HÉLÈNE:**
She's right. We *don't* belong…

**VICOMTE:**
The children are becoming hysterical.

**MARQUISE:**
As has the Doctor. Vicomte, I need your assistance in removing that man from my house.

**VICOMTE:**
Madame?

**MARQUISE:**
He has abused my hospitality, questioned me as though I were a criminal of the third estate and now runs amok upstairs, calling out to shadows. I believe him quite mad.

**NYSSA:**
No!

(FX: QUIETLY, THE APPROACH OF THE STEAMROLLER MAN)

**HANNAH:**
Please, madame, monsieur, hold a moment—

**MARQUISE:**
How dare *you* seek to direct me!

(HELENE IS CHANGING TO 'HELEN', A MORE COMMANDING PERSONALITY)

**HÉLÈNE/HELEN:**
(SHOUTS) Enough!

(ALL ARE SILENCED)

**HÉLÈNE/HELEN:**
This whole thing is shot to hell. Valdac, Rimdelle, get out of here! (BEAT) *Out*!

**MARQUISE:**
Yes. I'm sorry.

**VICOMTE:**
Forgive us, Hélène.

**HANNAH:**
Come on, Nyssa.

(THEY LEAVE)

**NYSSA:**
They obeyed you…

**HÉLÈNE:**
This is your doing. You shouldn't be here.

**NYSSA:**
I don't understand.

**HÉLÈNE:**
Follow the others. Move!

**20A. EXT: GROUNDS OUTSIDE ORANGERY. NIGHT.**

(FX STEAMROLLER MAN SLOWLY CLOSING IN AS NYSSA, HANNAH and HÉLÈNE LEAVE THE ORANGERY (DOOR SQUEAKS ETC))

**NYSSA:**
Whatever's making that noise, it's close.

**VALDAC:**
Noise?

**HANNAH:**
There's nothing!

**HÉLÈNE/HELEN:**
There's the Steamroller Man.

**MARQUISE:**
(AFRAID; SIGNIFICANT) The Steamroller Man…

**HÉLÈNE/HELEN:**
Perhaps two hundred metres – and closing. Damn this fog, can't see. Rimdelle, Valdac – and you two, Nyssa and Bartholomew, whoever the hell *you* are – I say we regroup at the house.

**HANNAH:**
Well, really! A little courtesy– [costs nothing]

**MARQUISE:**
Vicomte! Behind the trees, there. I think something moved.

(FX: RUSTLE OF BRANCHES)

**DOCTOR:**
Nyssa! Hannah!

**NYSSA:**
Doctor!

**DOCTOR:**
Thank goodness you're safe.

**HANNAH:**
Safe? Why shouldn't we be?

**MARQUISE:**
Doctor! You confront and confound me wherever I turn.

**DOCTOR:**
Reluctantly, I assure you. Now please, all of you, we must return to the house and find whoever's trapped in the cellar.

**HÉLÈNE/HELEN:**
What's this??

**NYSSA:**
This is Hélène, Doctor. She senses things aren't right as we do.

**HÉLÈNE/HELEN:**
I've already said we must return to the house.

(FX: STEAMROLLER MAN ADVANCING 100 METRES AWAY — NOTICEABLY LOUDER)

**DOCTOR:**
Can you hear that, Hélène?

**HÉLÈNE:**
Yes… Yes, he's been circling, watching us… now it's time to act.

**VICOMTE:**
What?

**HANNAH:**
It's quiet as the grave.

**MARQUISE:**
More phantoms of the mind?

**DOCTOR:**
(FRANTIC) Listen to me, all of you! This estate is under attack. I don't know why or by whom, but out here we're all targets.

**HÉLÈNE/HELEN:**
(BECOMING MEEKER, MORE LIKE HÉLÈNE) Out here? We can't get out of here. We should know, there's no way out of shadow-space. No… way. (SHE SHIVERS, BREATHES FAST, A SEIZURE)

**NYSSA:**
Hélène!

**HANNAH:**
A fainting fit?

**DOCTOR:**
No. She's having some sort of seizure.

**MARQUISE:**
Come, Hélène. I have you. Vicomte, help me take her.

**VICOMTE:**
Of course. (BEAT) She told us to return to the house.

**DOCTOR:**
Yes, take her and run.

(FX: VICOMTE AND MARQUISE TAKE HÉLÈNE AWAY. STEAMROLLER MAN NOW FIFTY METRES, ACCELERATING)

**DOCTOR:**
It's after us! You must go too, Nyssa. Go with Hannah.

**NYSSA:**
Doctor, is that it? That shadow through the fog…?

**DOCTOR:**
Must be. Go! I'll try to hold him back.

**HANNAH:**
Him?

**NYSSA:**
You've been conditioned not to see, somehow.

**HANNAH:**
(FRUSTRATED) Not to see what?

(FX: STEAMROLLER MAN FINALLY ARRIVES, ENGINE NOTE DROPS AS HE HOLDS STEADY.)

**DOCTOR:**
That…!

**NYSSA:**
It's huge. Is it a robot?

**DOCTOR:**
I don't know. Keep back. (CALLS) How do you do! I take it you're the Steamroller Man.

(STEAMROLLER MAN'S VOICE IS CREEPY METAL SING-SONG WHISPER – BUT CLEARLY HEARD)

**STEAMROLLER MAN:**
You don't count… Don't belong… You'll be mine to roll upon…

(FX: STEPS UP GEARS, ACCELERATES)

**NYSSA:**
Doctor!

**END OF PART ONE**

**PART TWO**

**REPRISE:**

***NYSSA:***
*It's huge. Is it a robot?*

***DOCTOR:***
*I don't know. Keep back. (CALLS) How do you do! I take it you're the Steamroller Man.*

*(STEAMROLLER MAN'S VOICE IS CREEPY METAL SING-SONG WHISPER — BUT CLEARLY HEARD)*

***STEAMROLLER MAN:***
*You don't count… Don't belong… You'll be mine to roll upon…*

*(FX: STEPS UP GEARS, ACCELERATES)*

***NYSSA:***
*Doctor!*

(CONTINUES INTO:)

**20B. EXT. THE GARDENS NEAR ORANGERY. NIGHT [CONTINUOUS]**

(FX: LOUD ENERGY FLASH, FOLLOWED BY ELECTRONIC PULSING SOUND - MASCHERA HAVE APPEARED. THE MASCHERA'S SPEECH IS LIKE A VOICE SYNTHESISER, BUT GENTLER.)

**MASCHERA #1:**
Diagnostics sigma J-2.

**MASCHERA #2:**
Emergency protocol initiated.

(FX: STEAMROLLER MAN PAUSES)

**NYSSA:**
Where did those *things* come from?

**HANNAH:**
Things?

**DOCTOR:**
Two glowing humanoid figures, Hannah. Out of thin air.

**NYSSA:**
Wearing masks of some kind…

**MASCHERA #1:**
Accessing shadow index.

(FX: STEAMROLLER MAN BACKS UP A LITTLE)

**DOCTOR:**
Seems our steel friend doesn't like the look of them.

**MASCHERA #2:**
Implementing defensive measure.

**DOCTOR:**
Nyssa, Hannah, get down!

**HANNAH:**
What? But my dress, the mud will— [ruin it]

**DOCTOR:**
Down!!

(FX: WEIRD RUSTLING SOUND — DEAD LEAVES ON BREEZE. FRUSTRATED CRY FROM THE STEAMROLLER MAN. HE REVERSES AND WITHDRAWS)

**MASCHERA #1:**
Defensive trench implemented.

**NYSSA:**
It's like the ground opened up…

**DOCTOR:**
Leaving our steamrolling friend unable to reach us. He's retreating.

**NYSSA:**
I imagine he's moved off to find another way around.

**HANNAH:**
Won't you tell me what on Earth you're talking about?

**MASCHERA #2:**
Incursion repelled.

**DOCTOR:**
We're grateful for your intervention. Who are you?

**MASCHERA #1:**
Do not be alarmed. We are the Maschera, guardians of—— [Shadow-Space]

(FX: ENERGY FLASH)

**NYSSA:**
They're gone!

**21. INT. RIMDELLE'S DRAWING ROOM. NIGHT.**

(FX: MARQUISE AND VICOMTE GASPING, OUT OF BREATH, CARRYING HELENE)

**MARQUISE:**
The drawing room… I feared we would never reach it, with Helene's dead weight to carry.

**VICOMTE:**
Come. We'll place her on the chaise-longue.

(FX: EFFORT AS THEY MOVE HELENE, WHO'S QUIETLY MUTTERING)

**HELENE/HELEN:**
Project slipping behind schedule… Valdac, we need reports on how subjects respond to full immersion. Factor in Carla's algorithms. I know half the team's sick!

**MARQUISE:**
My niece was most impertinent earlier, really I should punish her.

**VICOMTE:**
The Doctor was right, she has suffered some form of attack. What if there was some substance to his conjectures?

**22. EXT. THE GARDENS NEAR ORANGERY. NIGHT.**

**HANNAH:**
So the imaginary beings have vanished, have they?

**NYSSA:**
They were real, Hannah. Two glowing humanoid figures.

**DOCTOR:**
(THOUGHTFULLY) 'Maschera' – a kind of masquerade, perhaps?

**NYSSA:**
That'd explain the blank masks they were wearing. I wonder why they vanished like that…

**HANNAH:**
Look, if this is a game then it's in poor taste.

**DOCTOR:**
Two glowing creatures appeared beside us, Hannah, and repelled the Steamroller Man by creating an enormous trench in the ground ahead of us. But you can't see that either?

**HANNAH:**
There's nothing there!

**DOCTOR:**
They called themselves guardians.

**NYSSA:**
And they materialised just as you were about to be crushed. Benign alien visitors to the Earth?

**DOCTOR:**
Like us? Hmm. Perhaps they have something to do with our being here.

**NYSSA:**
But how could they create this trench? The ground barely trembled. Some kind of localised energy discharge?

**DOCTOR:**
Come and take a closer look. This is more than just a gash torn out of the ground.

**NYSSA:**
(GASPS) You're right. There's no soil or stone down there. Just darkness… *shadow*.

**HANNAH:**
Upon my soul! I *can* discern it… Like a vast furrow in the landscape, seething with shadows in a moving light. How could I not have seen it before?

**DOCTOR:**
More to the point, what exactly are we seeing now? I'm not sure we've been placed in some eighteenth century French backwater after all. So just where are we?

**NYSSA:**
Doctor, we don't know how far the trench extends through the mist. If the Steamroller Man finds a different approach…

**DOCTOR:**
Good point, Nyssa. Time we caught up with the others. Back to the house!

(THEY RUN)

**23. INT. RIMDELLE'S DRAWING ROOM. NIGHT.**

(WE HEAR HÉLÈNE MUTTERING, DELIRIOUS, UNDER FIRST FEW LINES)

**HÉLÈNE/HELEN:**
You may not like it but I'm leading this module… So I'll expect new figures on the generation energy tomorrow. With Anna sick, you'll listen to me, Jean.

**VALDAC:**
I was overcome by the strangest feeling earlier…

**MARQUISE:**
(PLAYFULLY) Really, can there really be any worldly sensation that the shameless Vicomte de Valdac has not yet experienced?

**VICOMTE:**
When Hélène ordered us away, like me, you obeyed without question. Didn't you feel… that was the natural order of things?

**MARQUISE:**
(FLUSTERED) My niece was distraught. Given her condition, I merely indulged her impropriety.

**VICOMTE:**
Or perhaps you recognised the real Hélène is not the timid recluse you have minded here in this… empty place.

(FX: DOOR OPENS. THE DOCTOR, HANNAH AND NYSSA ENTER.)

**VICOMTE:**
Doctor… Nyssa, Miss Bartholomew.

**MARQUISE:**
I suppose you bring more of your fanciful imaginings?

**DOCTOR:**
That's a matter of perspective.

**HANNAH:**
You may find this difficult to believe.

**NYSSA:**
There's a mechanical creature out there in the grounds.

**DOCTOR:**
I'm not sure what it is or where it's come from but its intentions seem hostile.

**HÉLÈNE/HELEN:**
(DELIRIOUS) The steamroller man!

**DOCTOR:**
Hélène knows him, it seems.

(FX: UNSETTLING HUM)

**VICOMTE:**
Steamroller man… yes, I remember…

**MARQUISE:**
Don't encourage them, Vicomte! Really, what *is* a steamroller?

**HANNAH:**
A heavy machine used to level road surfaces.

**NYSSA:**
It tried to kill the Doctor.

**MARQUISE:**
I refuse to listen to any more of this. You're all quite mad!

(FX: MARQUISE EXITS, SLAMS DOOR)

**VICOMTE:**
(CALLS) Madame de Rimdelle! I will go to her.

(HE EXITS)

**DOCTOR:**
So much for finding answers…

**HÉLÈNE/HELEN:**
(DELIRIOUS) … need more resolution on the interface parameters… If Valdac's Shadow-Space psycho-data proves correct you can kiss that bonus goodbye…

**HANNAH:**
Hélène's hardly talking like a native now.

**DOCTOR:**
Stay with her, you two. See if she says anything coherent. I'm going to try to find the man I heard in the cellar. He may know something useful.

**HANNAH:**
What man?

**DOCTOR:**
A *dead* man.

**24. INT. HALL MOVING TO CELLAR. NIGHT.**

(DEAD MAN'S MUFFLED SPEECH BELOW HEARD FAINTLY RUNING THROUGH SCENE:)

**DEAD MAN:**
(RAVING) I'm locked out. My rats have gone. Can't meet my friend like this! I'm dead… Dead man's… Get out. Do you hear? Bad ones, get out of here. It's all down to me but I can't see. It's all coming to an end. It ends with me. Switch been pulled… Dead man's… Something's got in. I've lost the rats. I must recover. Dead… [REPEAT IF NECESSARY]

**VICOMTE:**
Hello? I can hear you… Where are you?

(FX: FOOTSTEPS AS THE DOCTOR ENTERS)

**DOCTOR:**
Vicomte? Don't tell me the Marquise has retired to the cellar?

**VICOMTE:**
Doctor, you startled me. (BEAT) Madame de Rimdelle is in her blue room and does not wish to receive visitors.

**DOCTOR:**
You can hear him too, can't you, Vicomte? The Man who says he's dead.

**VICOMTE:**
You've heard him too, then. A phantom in the house?

**DOCTOR:**
Or an intruder? Perhaps even the proprietor? I suspect things here are not as they seem. Shall we investigate together?

**VICOMTE:**
Very well. There should be candles lit inside.

(FX: CREAK OF CELLAR DOOR. ECHOING FOOTSTEPS AS DOCTOR AND VALDAC WALK. RATS SQUEAK)

(THE DEAD MAN'S VOICE GROWS GRADUALLY LOUDER AS THEY APPROACH.)

**DOCTOR:**
You seem troubled, Vicomte.

**VICOMTE:**
Memories flit by like dying embers. (SIGHS) It feels to me as if something is awakening here - now you and your friends have arrived.

**DOCTOR:**
I'm not sure that we're the only new arrivals… (THEY HALT) Where's that voice coming from?

**VICOMTE:**
These cellars stretch on some considerable distance. Try this way.

(FX: THEY SET OFF. ELECTRONIC WHOOSHING NOISE AS THE DEAD MAN'S VOICE ABRUPTLY CUTS OUT)

**DOCTOR:**
(PUSHES VICOMTE BACK) Wait! Get back!

**VICOMTE:**
But the passage…! Where has it gone?

**DOCTOR:**
Removed - so we can't cross it.

**VICOMTE:**
I've never seen such… blackness. A void.

**DOCTOR:**
Not entirely. See the shadows shifting there?

**VICOMTE:**
I see visions, Doctor. Fields, gardens, flickering before my very eyes. And a corridor. A long corridor of… iron. It has a name. *SORDIDE*.

**DOCTOR:**
*Sordide*?

**VICOMTE:**
We are flying through the stars. Through infinite night. (GASPS) What is happening to me, Doctor?

**DOCTOR:**
I wonder. (SHOUTS) Maschera? Are you there? I need to talk to you!

(FX: ENERGY FLASH AND PULSING WHIRRING MASCHERA SOUND. A MASCHERA HAS ARRIVED)

**MASCHERA #1:**
Doctor…?

**VICOMTE:**
You've summoned a demon!

**DOCTOR:**
Not exactly, Vicomte. I’m hoping the Maschera here can cast a little light down here in more ways than one.

**25. INT. RIMDELLE'S BLUE ROOM. NIGHT.**

(FX: A SOOTHING, NURSERY RHYME-LIKE MELODY FROM A MUSIC BOX.

(FX: DOOR OPENS)

**MARQUISE:**
Miss Bartholomew.

**HANNAH:**
Forgive the intrusion, madame. Nyssa is waiting with Hélène, and… well, I'm feeling a little floored by things right now. Hoped for some company.

**MARQUISE:**
I wish to be alone, Miss Bartholomew.

**HANNAH:**
Oh. (BEAT) Your music box is very pretty - the way the ballerina glitters in the candlelight.

**MARQUISE:**
I've had it since I was a girl… haven't I? I mean, I always wanted a music box like this. But you have to travel light, moving from planet to planet…

**HANNAH:**
(SURPRISE) Madame?

**MARQUISE:**
Forgive me. (SHUDDERS) I see the strangest things in my mind's eye. Images of people, and of far-off lands…

**HANNAH:**
Oh?

**MARQUISE:**
Something's trying to break through. (SLAMS MUSIC BOX SHUT) The Steamroller Man!

**HANNAH:**
It's all right. No one's here.

**MARQUISE:**
No… You don't understand. I remember the Steamroller Man from a storybook I read as a child. That same child who never owned this music box. (SHE OPENS MUSIC BOX, WHICH PLAYS QUIETLY) How that faceless man in his ever-rolling machine terrified me. No wonder I've been trying quite so hard to forget him.

**26. EXT. GARDENS. NIGHT**

(STEAMROLLER MAN TRUNDLES ON, SINISTER SING-SONG)

**STEAMROLLER MAN:**
End of the trench. End of the line. Smell your stench. You'll be mine. Coming… coming… ready or not. You're not in our shadow-plot.

**27. INT. CELLARS. NIGHT**

(FX: MASCHERA GLOW)

**DOCTOR:**
Forgive me, but we weren't properly introduced earlier. I'm the— (Doctor)

**MASCHERA #1:**
Doctor. And Neurologist Simon Valdac. Don't be afraid. The Maschera are your guardians.

**VICOMTE:**
(TROUBLED) Neurologist…? Guardians?

**DOCTOR:**
In a moment, Valdac. (TO MASCHERA) We believe a man to be hurt down here. Why did you stop us from reaching him?

**MASCHERA #1:**
He is not a man. He is an aberration requiring our investigation - a dangerous instability in Shadow-Space, like the Steamroller Man outside.

**DOCTOR:**
Shadow-Space?

**MASCHERA #1:**
You will not remember. It is the nature of Shadow-Space. We are here to *help* you remember the truth of who and where you are. (FX: RUSTLING, CHITTERING) You will remember the truth…

**28. INT. RIMDELLE'S BLUE ROOM. NIGHT.**

(FX: MUSIC BOX STILL TINKLING)

**HANNAH:**
How could that book have been written when you were a child? The steamroller is a modern invention.

**MARQUISE:**
(ABSENT-MINDEDLY) "We all live life based on what we read in books".

**HANNAH:**
I'm sorry?

(THE MARQUISE IS REVERTING TO HER 'REAL WORLD' ALTER EGO RIMDELLE - BOTH HER SPEECH AND PERSONALITY CHANGE — SHE BECOMES MORE CASUAL).

**MARQUISE/RIMDELLE:**
Dostoyevsky wrote that, I think.

**HANNAH:**
Dostoyevsky… cluttering Mother's bookshelves in great dusty volumes. But he won't be born until the 1820s, we shouldn't know about him. How do we know?

(FX: SHUTS THE MUSIC BOX)

**MARQUISE/RIMDELLE:**
How the hell should I know?

**HANNAH:**
Excuse me?

**MARQUISE/RIMDELLE:**
I don't know *what* is going on around here. I don't want to know. I want a drink.

**HANNAH:**
You… you sound like a different person.

**MARQUISE/RIMDELLE:**
D'you think? (SHIVERS) God's name, what's happening to me?

**HANNAH:**
We need to stay calm. And think.

**MARQUISE/RIMDELLE:**
Yes, think. Don't feel. It isn't good… to feel…

**29. INT. DRAWING ROOM. NIGHT.**

(HÉLÈNE HAS REVERTED TO PLAIN-SPEAKING HELEN, MORE LIKE THE GIRL WE SAW ORDERING PEOPLE AT THE ORANGERY)

**HELEN:** (WAKING):
Where am I?

**NYSSA:**
In the house, Hélène, it's me, Nyssa. You're quite safe.

**HELEN:**
My name is Helen. I'm not French. And I don't know you. Which is your area? Where do you work…?

**NYSSA:**
I'm not sure what you mean.

**HELEN:**
It's all so hazy… (TRIES TO SIT. GASPS)

**NYSSA:**
Careful. You've had some kind of seizure.

**HELEN:**
Difficult mental transition – from 'little niece Hélène' to the real me. (SIGH) I am Professor Helen Towers, intra-dimensional physicist and Deputy Tech-supervisor. And since I know all this, why aren't I lying awake in Home-D instead of here in Shadow-Space?

**NYSSA:**
Shadow-Space? Then this really isn't 18th Century Earth.

**HELEN:**
(GROANS) Typical. Something would have to foul up on my watch. Where are the Maschera? Whatever the scenario, they show up in Shadow-Space. (BEAT) I remember we were testing out the systems. I need my team. Where's my team? Who did you say you were?

**NYSSA:**
Nyssa. Hannah is with Madame de Rimdelle—

**HELEN:**
*Madame*, is it? How does Rimdelle always bag the best roles?

**NYSSA:**
I think Valdac must be with the Doctor.

**HELEN:**
That man at the Orangery?

**NYSSA:**
My friend. Helen, please, what *is* Shadow-Space?

**30. INT. CELLARS. NIGHT.**

(NB VICOMTE HAS REVERTED TO HIS REAL WORLD ALTER-EGO, VALDAC; MORE RELAXED WITH HIS SPEAKING, LESS ASSURED)

**MASCHERA #1:**
Shadow-Space is a physical realm constructed inside a pocket-dimension and fitted to specially designed human spacecraft.

**DOCTOR:**
Spacecraft?

**VALDAC:**
Spacecraft, yes!

**MASCHERA #1:**
It was created to make super-distant space travel possible for human astronauts — where the stresses of intra-dimensional travel would obliterate the life force were mind and psyche not transferred from the astronaut's body into a living avatar…

**VALDAC:**
I remember. Earth Central needs the human empire to spread beyond this galaxy. But test pilots were driven insane by the strain of warp mechanics or schism-shift travel.

**DOCTOR:**
I take it you're the Vicomte no longer - Simon Valdac?

**VALDAC:**
Shh, please. It's coming back to me… While the body remains protected in deep stasis-lock on board the spacecraft, the consciousness — every impulse of an individual's nature — is transferred to a customised Shadow-Spatial body for the duration of the journey.

**DOCTOR:**
Fascinating! So these bodies we wear here are like costumes for the consciousness. The raw stuff of shadow-space can be converted into different types of matter — stone, fabric, food—— [drink]

**VALDAC:**
Yes, all of that, controlled by computers and interpreted through our own minds and senses, safely anchored in Home-D — our home dimension. But something's wrong. If we're in a scenario, we're in flight. I shouldn't know any of this.

**DOCTOR:**
A scenario - you mean a fictive world, governed by advanced software systems?

**VALDAC:**
Yes. Scenarios play out to keep our minds occupied while our physical bodies travel through deep space — makes them less likely to atrophy as they would if kept disembodied as downloads or compressed menta-scans…

**DOCTOR:**
So Shadow-space is a physical world. And we are physically alive.

**MASCHERA #1:**
Which makes you vulnerable. Which is why you need guardians.

**DOCTOR:**
Of course, these must be the pioneering days before Hastron's Shielding was discovered and… well. All that to come! (PAUSE) I wonder where our 'Home-D' bodies are bound…

**MASCHERA #1:**
Unknown. As guardians generated by the systems, our knowledge stretches only as far as Shadow-Space.

**DOCTOR:**
(SIGHS) I wish I could remember how my companions and I came to join you on your journey…

**VALDAC:**
(ALARMED) You're not a part of the crew? Is that why I can't remember you?

**DOCTOR:**
(QUICKLY) I think all our memories have been affected.

**MASCHERA #1:**
Shadow-Space has suffered a catastrophic systems failure. Safety protocols were activated. Maschera are currently assessing the circuitry elsewhere within the domain. The question of what caused the systems failure will be addressed.

**VALDAC:**
What… or who.

**31. EXT. GARDENS. NIGHT**

(STEAMROLLER MAN TRUNDLES ON, SINISTER)

**STEAMROLLER MAN:**
I will iron all your wrinkles out. I will make you scream and shout. You're not in our shadow-plot. Coming… coming… ready or not.

**32. INT. DRAWING ROOM. NIGHT.**

**HANNAH:**
I can hardly take this in. You're saying that Madame de Rimdelle was never real?

**RIMDELLE:**
No more real than the governess version of you. None of this is real – certainly not the big hair, more's the pity. I'm just plain Sandra Jane Rimdelle.

**HANNAH:**
I've had the wool well and truly pulled over my eyes, Sandra.

**RIMDELLE:**
Rimdelle, please. (BEAT) But that's what it's like in a scenario. We literally become our characters. The settings, time periods, characters, are randomly selected by the system's narrative engine. Then we go out and live it.

**HANNAH:**
A perfect dream of life?

**RIMDELLE:**
While we're out of it, yeah. (SIGHS) I loved being Madame de Rimdelle. She always had a good comeback.

**HANNAH:**
So I'm not even flesh and blood here? I feel real enough…

**RIMDELLE:**
You are. Shadow-Space can mimic any matter but it does so without generating much in the way of mass. That's how come we can sit here in a bubble tied to a spaceship, flying alongside our real selves in Home-Dimension, blah blah blah.

(FX: DOOR OPENS, RIMDELLE & NYSSA ENTER)

**HELEN:**
Rimdelle! Are you alright?

**RIMDELLE:**
I'm fine now, Helen. Took a while to wear off. Back to boring old Systems Chief!

**NYSSA:**
Hannah, how are you feeling?

**HANNAH:**
A little foolish, but quite recovered, thank you Nyssa.

**RIMDELLE:**
Er… Nyssa?

**HELEN:**
I can't remember her, either. Or you, Miss Bartholomew.

**HANNAH:**
(AWKWARD) I'm, er, sure it'll come back to you.

**NYSSA:**
(QUICKLY) What does Systems Chief do, Rimdelle?

**RIMDELLE:**
I doubled as main architect for the Scenarios, working with Jean – the Marquise's footman! I'm into antiquarian books, you see. I gave Jean a lot of ideas for stories and settings.

**HELEN:**
She's obsessed with *Dangerous Liaisons*.

**RIMDELLE:**
Yeah, love the language and all the intrigue. And the frocks. It's my French ancestry, what can I say.

**HELEN:**
(IMPATIENT) So how come we're conscious of our real selves in a Scenario, Rimdelle? We shouldn't know this place is fake. We should wake up in Home-D.

**RIMDELLE:**
Dunno. A bug in the neural circuits, maybe? Don't understand it, they were tested and tested… Still, the Maschera will sort things.

**HELEN:**
I'd prefer to sort things myself.

**RIMDELLE:**
While we're travelling at a zillion miles per second through boreholes in the Very Fabric of Creation? Good luck! That's why we're in Shadow-Space to kick off with – to keep ourselves safe.

**HELEN:**
I'm Deputy Tech-Supervisor, most of the team are not here with us when they should be, my memory's not all there… so forgive me if I don't feel very safe right now.

(FX: DOOR SUDDENLY SWINGS OPEN. VALDAC ENTERS)

**RIMDELLE:**
(SURPRISE) Valdac!

**VALDAC:**
None of us should feel safe.

**HELEN:**
Why? What's happened?

**VALDAC:**
That's what the Maschera's trying to work out. Would you all come out to the main hall? It's with the Doctor - wants to talk to us all together.

**33. INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT**

(FX: MASCHERA SOUND EFFECT)

(THE OTHERS WALK THROUGH)

**NYSSA:**
Doctor…?

**DOCTOR:**
It's all right, Nyssa.

**VALDAC:**
(APPROACHING) Is it, now.

**RIMDELLE:**
There's a Maschera. Masked, of course – Jean's idea, works with the theme, see? Fits in with any scenario.

**HÉLÈNE:**
Can't say I'm delighted to see one.

**HANNAH:**
Quite a sight, all white and glowing.

**MASCHERA #1:**
Nyssa, please join the Doctor - away from the others.

**DOCTOR:**
What about Hannah? She's with us.

**MASCHERA #1:**
She belongs here.

**HANNAH:**
Hardly!

**HELEN:**
What do you mean, 'hardly'? If you're not on the team then… (COLD) Who are you people?

**MASCHERA #1:**
The Doctor and Nyssa are not human.

**RIMDELLE:**
What?! Aliens?

**DOCTOR:**
Nyssa's from Traken, I am from Gallifrey. Lovely worlds, both of them.

**MASCHERA #1:**
Analysis suggests that the arrival of your travel capsule on board a human spacecraft caused the systems crash, Doctor.

**HELEN:**
You *landed* on board?!

**DOCTOR:**
(DEFENSIVE) I don't remember how we came here.

**MASCHERA #1:**
The travel capsule caused the energy gradients within Shadow-space to fluctuate, resulting in neural hemorrhaging.

**RIMDELLE:**
Then… the Doctor did this!

**NYSSA:**
Doctor, is that possible?

**DOCTOR:**
There could have been some sort of dimensional breach as we came out of the vortex…

**VALDAC:**
He admits it!

**HANNAH:**
He admitted the *possibility*.

**NYSSA:**
We wouldn't cause deliberate harm!

**DOCTOR:**
The fluctuations could allow intra-dimensional energies to leak into Shadow-space, distorting local matter. Possibly even our memories. (FRUSTRATED) If only I could remember what happened.

**RIMDELLE:**
Maybe he can. Maybe it's all spin.

**HELEN:**
This 'neural hemorrhaging'? Is that what's happened to the rest of the crew? Are they properly awake now, in Home-D?

**MASCHERA #1:**
You are the only ones left in Shadow-Space.

**RIMDELLE:**
You should know if they transferred safely to Home-D?

**MASCHERA #1:**
Systems failure.

**VALDAC:**
They could all be dead. Thanks to you, Doctor.

**HANNAH:**
What about that steamroller man thing rolling about out there? Rimdelle said she knew the character as a child. The Doctor could hardly have created that.

**MASCHERA #1:**
The Steamroller Man is a data-tool designed by Technician Jean Fulton to delete areas of corrupt coding from the Scenario generator.

**RIMDELLE:**
(REMEMBERS) Yes… to iron out bugs in the programming. The Steamroller thing was just a joke.

**MASCHERA #1:**
Following the systems crash, its function has grown distorted. It is attempting to destroy *all* data.

**HELEN:**
Including the crew?

**NYSSA:**
And us too.

**DOCTOR:**
Yes. (BEAT) I wonder where the Steamroller Man is now.

**34. EXT. GARDENS.**

(STEAMROLLER MAN INCREASES SPEED)

**STEAMROLLER MAN:**
There's the house. Here comes I. Strangers, strangers. Run and die. Run and die. Run and die…

**35. INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT**

(MASCHERA PRESENT STILL)

**HELEN:**
All right. We can't rely on the others sorting things in Home-D. Anything could have happened to them. We've got to get back. I know it's dangerous when we're in flight, but just for a short time, to fix things from the outside…

**MASCHERA #1:**
That is impossible at present.

**DOCTOR:**
Why?

**MASCHERA #1:**
Observe the fireplace.

**RIMDELLE:**
What's the fireplace got to do with it?

**MASCHERA #1:**
It is masked by a simple optical illusion.

(FX: SHIMMER, FOLLOWED BY RUSTLING SHADOW FX)

**NYSSA:**
I take it those circuits in the grate aren't supposed to look so blackened.

**HANNAH:**
If not a fireplace, then what…?

**VALDAC:**
An interface portal. One of the subsidiaries.

**RIMDELLE:**
Or it was. It's burned out.

**HELEN:**
What about the main interface?

**MASCHERA #1:**
Also badly damaged. We are working to repair it.

**RIMDELLE:**
With the interface burnt out… the link between our home-body and avatar lost…

**HELEN:**
All that we are is trapped in Shadow-space.

**DOCTOR:**
Dying here means dying for real.

**MASCHERA #1:**
(FLICKERING, INTERFERENCE) We will protect you. Restore you.

**HANNAH:**
What's happening to him?

**MASCHERA #1:**
Systems aberration—

(FX: MASCHERA CUTS OUT)

(FX: STEAMROLLER NOISE OUTSIDE IN DISTANCE)

**DOCTOR:**
Listen.

**NYSSA:**
The Steamroller Man. It's coming again.

**HANNAH:**
Maybe the Maschera went to stop it?

**HELEN:**
Doctor, with me. We'll look together. Rimdelle, Valdac — check the damage to the subsidiary interface. See if there's anything you can do.

**DOCTOR:**
Nyssa, Hannah — I'll be back.

**VALDAC:**
(SIGHS) And what will he do for an encore?

**36. EXT. GARDENS. NIGHT**

(FX: EERIE WIND)

**DOCTOR:**
There. Coming over the hill.

**HELEN:**
It's horrible. That blank face.

**DOCTOR:**
Jean's little joke has backfired rather.

**HELEN:**
Your fault.

**DOCTOR:**
Recriminations won't help us here, Helen.

**STEAMROLLER MAN:**
Here I come. Here I come.

(FX: MASCHERA APPEARS IN DISTANCE. SOUND FX NOT STEADY)

**HELEN:**
There's the Maschera.

**MASCHERA #1 (WOBBLY):**
Defensive barrier… implemented.

(FX: WEIRD RUSTLES. STEAMROLLER REVERSE GEARS)

**DOCTOR:**
Just as before. Conjured a trench the Steamroller Man can't cross. Though this one is less impressive.

**HELEN:**
Won't delay him for long. Why is the Maschera flickering?

**DOCTOR:**
The instabilities must be affecting him as well.

**HELEN:**
But - they're all we've got on our side.

(FX: MASCHERA CUTS OUT.)

**DOCTOR:**
Seems we're on our own for now. Come on.

**37. INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT**

(DOCTOR AND HELEN RUN IN FROM OUTSIDE.)

**DOCTOR:**
Sorry, everyone. The Maschera's gone.

**HELEN:**
But the Steamroller Man's still coming.

**NYSSA:**
What can we do?

**DOCTOR:**
Valdac, that man we heard…

**VALDAC:**
That raving *thing*? The Maschera sealed him off, said he was dangerous.

**DOCTOR:**
(IMPATIENT) The Maschera viewed him as anomalous data. I'm suggesting we have a little more imagination and compassion. There may still be a way to reach him.

**HANNAH:**
Surely it must be another member of your crew.

**NYSSA:**
And needs your help.

**RIMDELLE:**
Anomalous data… (THINKS) the Steamroller Man is designed to destroy that first and foremost. Maybe this fella is who he's really after, and everyone else is just snacks?

**VALDAC:**
You mean, if we handed this man over…

**NYSSA:**
That's horrible!

**DOCTOR:**
And all too predictable.

**HELEN:**
(POINTED) Who put us in this position, Doctor?

**DOCTOR:**
(SIGHS) Hannah, could you keep a lookout of the window for us.

**HANNAH:**
Steamroller watch. Understood.

(HANNAH GOES TO WINDOW)

**DOCTOR:**
Now, let me see this fireplace interface…

**HELEN:**
We'd better find out who this Man is. Valdac, see if you can reach him.

**NYSSA:**
I'll go too.

**HELEN:**
No. Rimdelle, you help him.

**RIMDELLE:**
I'm systems, not security!

**DOCTOR:**
(STARTS WORK ON INTERFACE) Then help me. I'm guessing the shadow-systems are based on a dust-flux computation matrix?

**RIMDELLE:**
Good guess. And you're messing with the architectural configuration circuit - lets the Interface blend into its surroundings, whatever the Scenario.

**DOCTOR:**
As I thought. So if we can engineer a recursive feedback loop, we can re-create any part of the local architecture instantly – and indefinitely.

**RIMDELLE:**
(UNDERSTANDS) Gotcha!

**HELEN:**
All right, Valdac, take the girl and go.

**VALDAC:**
Come on, Nyssa.

**DOCTOR:**
Be very careful.

**NYSSA:**
I will.

(THEY EXIT)

**HELEN:**
I thought the interface had burned out.

(FX: RUSTLING, CHITTERING, SUB-ELECTRONIC)

**DOCTOR:**
(WORKING) There's still some residual power getting through.

(FX: STEAMROLLER GETTING NEARER)

**HANNAH:**
Doctor, that thing's coming straight for the house!

**RIMDELLE:**
We're going to need every scrap of that power.

**DOCTOR:**
Get over here, Hannah.

(SHE RUNS)

**RIMDELLE:**
Nearly there…

**HELEN:**
Look out! It's charging the [wall!]

(FX: BOOMING CRASH AS A WALL FALLS DOWN. STEAMROLLER IS HERE!)

**STEAMROLLER MAN:**
Here I come. Here's my drum.

**RIMDELLE:**
(SHOUTS) Now, Doctor!

(FX: WHISPERING CRACKLE)

**DOCTOR:**
There!

(FX: REPEATED SOUND OF WALL COLLAPSING AND STEAMROLLER MAN SAYING 'HERE'S MY DRUM' FOR REMAINDER OF THE SCENE)

**HANNAH:**
I don't believe it. He knocks down the wall and it comes straight back?

**DOCTOR:**
Over and over! It's nice to be on the right side of a recursive occlusion.

**RIMDELLE:**
But the reconfiguration loop will decay. It won't stop him forever.

**HELEN:**
So… what next?

**38. INT. CELLAR. NIGHT**

(NYSSA & VALDAC WALKING WARILY)

**VALDAC:**
All right, Nyssa. The Maschera's deletion zone came into effect just… (STOPS, PUZZLED) here?

**NYSSA:**
There's nothing. Perhaps whatever the Maschera did was only temporary. (BEAT) I don't hear anything. Did this man sound as if he was in pain?

**VALDAC:**
He sounded… desperate. Terrified.

**DEAD MAN:**
(CLOSE BY) Terrified.

(NYSSA & VALDAC JUMP AND BACK AWAY)

**NYSSA:**
(WARY) I didn't see him in the shadows. Is he one of your crew?

**VALDAC:**
Hard to say with him crouched over like that.

**DEAD MAN:**
Find rats. Got to find rats.

**NYSSA:**
Hello? Are you all right? (GASPS)

**VALDAC:**
His eyes!

**NYSSA:**
No eyes. Just shadows…

**39. INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT**

(FX: STEAMROLLER MAN KNOCKING DOWN WALL OVER AND OVER)

**HANNAH:**
Doctor, I'm not certain what you've done to the Steamroller Man, but he's starting to glow a most unflattering red.

(FX: WALL COLLAPSES AND STAYS DOWN. STEAMROLLER FX GONE)

**HELEN:**
It's gone. Destroyed?

**DOCTOR:**
(DISMAYED) So it would seem. A power surge in the system perhaps.

**RIMDELLE:**
Well… good riddance. But since shadow-space is looking so shaky, we'd better work fast to locate the main interface.

**HANNAH:**
Which is…?

**DOCTOR:**
The physical conduit between Home-D and Shadow-Space. Walk through and your consciousness will leave the simulacrum here and return to your real body. (BEAT) The subsidiary interfaces, what are they for?

**HELEN:**
They channel emotional and perceptional responses from our Home-D bodies to our Shadow-selves, wherever we are in the landscape.

**HANNAH:**
So the versions of you here are analogous to those in the real world.

**RIMDELLE:**
Pretty much. My bum's a bit smaller here… (SIGHS) Anyway, if I can connect mentally via this subsidiary I should be able to follow the conduit system to the main interface. And if we can find and fix it and synch back with Home D…

**HELEN:**
We can take the ship out of warp space and get shadow-space fixed properly.

**DOCTOR:**
Splendid. Let's get on, shall we?

**40. INT. CELLARS. NIGHT**

(FX: RUSTLING SOUND AROUND THE DEAD MAN)

**VALDAC:**
I've never seen this man before.

**DEAD MAN:**
I've never seen. First time out. No rats!

**VALDAC:**
He's mindless.

**NYSSA:**
Come with us. Please.

(FX: DISTANT STEAMROLLER EFFECT)

**VALDAC:**
Listen! It can't be…

**NYSSA:**
The Steamroller Man, down here in the cellar?

**DEAD MAN:**
Shouldn't have found me. Not yet.

**NYSSA:**
The candles are going out. Help me with him, Valdac. Quickly!

**41A. INT. HALLWAY.**

**HANNAH:**
Doctor, what are you doing to Rimdelle - her face, it's all shadow!

**DOCTOR:**
(WORKING) It has to be, to complete the circuit.

**HELEN:**
The data flows through negative optics, you see.

**HANNAH:**
Sorry I asked.

**DOCTOR:**
There! Last connection.

**RIMDELLE:**
Hooking up.

(FX: HUM OF POWER WITH SPOOKY RUSTLING/CHITTERING BENEATH — CREEPY)

**DOCTOR:**
She's accessing the system via the mental link to her Home-D self.

**RIMDELLE:**
(CALM) Focusing on the command codes now. Running sequence…

**HELEN:**
If she can only draw enough power from that link to locate the main interface…

(FX: POWER FLUCTUATES)

**RIMDELLE:**
No…!

**HELEN:**
Rimdelle?

**DOCTOR:**
Rimdelle, what is it?

(NOW RIMDELLE'S VOICE HAS A ROBOTIC EDGE. SHE IS PAINED)

**RIMDELLE:**
(ROBOTIC) No. No one can leave Shadow-Space. All of you… You're all going to die!

**END OF PART TWO**

**PART THREE**

**REPRISE:**

***HELEN:***
*Rimdelle?*

***DOCTOR:***
*Rimdelle, what is it?*

*(NOW RIMDELLE'S VOICE HAS A ROBOTIC EDGE. SHE IS PAINED)*

***RIMDELLE:***
*(ROBOTIC) No. No one can leave Shadow-Space. All of you… You're all going to die!*

(CONTINUES INTO:)

**41B. INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT [CONTINUOUS]**

**HELEN:**
Rimdelle, stop!

**RIMDELLE:**
(ROBOTIC) Die. Leave Shadow-Space. Die.

**HANNAH:**
What's happening? Her voice…

**DOCTOR:**
The interface must be damaged.

**HELEN:**
The portal, Rimdelle. Find the main portal.

**RIMDELLE:**
(ROBOTIC) [SCREAMS]

**DOCTOR:**
We have to get her out of there.

**HELEN:**
Without the portal, we can't leave.

**DOCTOR:**
Move out of the way.

(FX: HELEN STEPS ASIDE. EXTRA RUSTLING.)

**HANNAH:**
The shadow on her face — it's growing fainter.

**DOCTOR:**
Almost there.

**HANNAH:**
Fainter!

(FX: ZAP!! POWER DOWN)

**RIMDELLE:**
(NORMAL – NOT ROBOTIC) <gasps>

**HANNAH:**
Faint*ed*.

**DOCTOR:**
But she's out, at least. (RELIEVED SIGH)

**HELEN:**
Just what did she run up against in there?

**42. INT. LANDING. NIGHT**

(FX: STEAMROLLER GETTING CLOSER. NYSSA & VALDAC DRAGGING DEAD MAN WITH THEM)

**STEAMROLLER MAN:**
(BEHIND) Clearing the way, send you away…

**NYSSA:**
The Steamroller Man's gaining on us. I don't understand, we should've reached the way out by now.

**VALDAC:**
The shadow-geography's warping. That's not good. And our Dead Man's more like dead weight! Maybe if we leave him for that steamroller thing …

**NYSSA:**
We can't!

**DEAD MAN:**
Not yet. Not yet.

**STEAMROLLER MAN:**
(BEHIND) A meeting of two friends, a meeting at two ends…

**NYSSA:**
What does that mean?

**VALDAC:**
It means nothing. That thing's a sick joke. Damn Jean and his stupid sick jokes!

**NYSSA:**
Come on, we must keep moving.

**43. INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT**

**HELEN:**
Perfect. All that ingenuity and we're no better off than when we started.

**DOCTOR:**
Rimdelle is, at least. If she'd stayed connected to whatever was affecting her, I don't know what might have happened.

**HANNAH:**
She sounded… possessed.

**DOCTOR:**
I don't know what was happening in there, Hannah. If only I had the necessary codes I could've connected myself to the interface…

**HELEN:**
Shadow-Space is collapsing. We must get back to Home-D. (FRUSTRATED) As deputy tech-supervisor I ought to know the location of that main interface!

**DOCTOR:**
The answer may come to you. Try not to think too hard about it.

**HELEN:**
Where are our so-called guardians?

(FX: SOUND OF CRASHING — STEAMROLLER MAN IN DISTANCE IN HOUSE)

**HANNAH:**
That's him!

**DOCTOR:**
The Steamroller Man… sounded like it came from the cellars.

**HANNAH:**
So it wasn't destroyed, it just moved?

**DOCTOR:**
Of course! Shadow-spatial constructs have little mass - he must've drawn energy from the occlusion matrix to shift himself clear of the trap!

**HELEN:**
Valdac…

**DOCTOR:**
And Nyssa. I'll go. Stay here, both of you. Try to revive Rimdelle. (HE RUNS OFF)

**HANNAH:**
Be careful, Doctor!

**HELEN:**
Rimdelle is still out cold. (SLAPS FACE GENTLY) Come on, wake up. (SNORTS) Nothing I can do. I'm useless.

**HANNAH:**
If I may, Miss —

**HELEN:**
(IRRITATED) Professor.

**HANNAH:**
Perhaps, Professor, we need to approach this problem from a spiritual perspective…?

**44. INT. CELLARS. NIGHT**

(NYSSA AND VALDAC TRYING TO GET DEAD MAN MOVING.)

(FX: STEAMROLLER MAN NOISE FADING UP BEHIND THEM)

[NB: DEAD MAN IS TRYING TO SAY 'DEAD MAN'S SWITCH', HIS TRUE FUNCTION — BUT LISTENER MUSTN'T KNOW THIS!]

**DEAD MAN:**
Dead Man's… Which one of you…? All of you dead. Dead Man's… Which? Shouldn't have found the Dead Man's… not the Dead Man's… (AND REPEAT)

(NYSSA AND VALDAC SPEAK OVER THIS RAMBLING)

**VALDAC:**
I liked our dead man better asleep…

(FX: STEAMROLLER MAN CRUSHING FURNITURE BEHIND HIM)

**NYSSA:**
We must hurry. The steamroller man doesn't seem to have as much trouble navigating these cellars as we do.

**VALDAC:**
He can drive straight through! (BEAT) Finally, I think that's the stairs ahead.

**DEAD MAN:**
Can't see. Not without my rats.

**NYSSA:**
*His* rats? What does he mean, *his* rats?

**VALDAC:**
He's mad. You can tell just by looking. Mad.

**DEAD MAN:**
(SLY) Am I…?

**45. INT. HOUSE CORRIDOR. NIGHT**

(FX: HEAVY TICKING GRANDFATHER CLOCK. DOCTOR HURRIES PAST AND TICKING RECEDES, MUFFLED STEAMROLLER MAN NOISE GETS CLOSER, THEN CYCLE BEGINS AGAIN.)

**DOCTOR:**
I don't remember the corridor being as long as this…

(FX: MASCHERA APPEARS)

**DOCTOR:**
Ah, Maschera - back again. The steamroller man has got into the cellars - are you helping Nyssa and Valdac?

**MASCHERA #1:**
All Maschera are required for essential repairs. Do not attempt to access the interface structure again. We are attempting to reconfigure spatial distortion caused by the dimensional breach.

**DOCTOR:**
Perhaps I can help. Where is the main interface?

**MASCHERA #1:**
Information denied. You are alien. Unofficial.

**DOCTOR:**
Oh, extremely unofficial.

**MASCHERA #1:**
However, we observe you have a high-functioning grasp of Shadow-spatial technology, Doctor. Can you conceive a way to remove the Steamroller Man permanently?

**DOCTOR:**
With your help, perhaps. If you could share—[your knowledge]

**MASCHERA #1:**
(WITH DIFFICULTY) We are compromised by the systems crash. We *must* stabilize the environment. When the main interface is repaired, you and Nyssa will be ejected. Shadow-Space can only be properly stabilized once all alien presences are removed. You must assist. Time is—[running out]

(FX: MASCHERA DEPARTS. HEAVY TICK OF CLOCK)

**DOCTOR:**
Running out, yes. Let's see if we can run faster. (RUNS ON)

**46. INT. HALLWAY. DAY**

**HELEN:**
What do you mean, Hannah, a 'spiritual perspective?

**HANNAH:**
I know we are from different times and places, Hélène… But we're both human. You must accept that. The Maschera confirmed it.

**HELEN:**
So?

**HANNAH:**
I believe — and there are others like me in the Order of the Crescent Moon, who also believe — that our lives as we know them are just moments in time's limelight. When we die, our souls move beyond our mortal form. We become spirits, moving through the shadows to guide those in the light… until the day when we too will be guided back to the earthly realm to live again.

**HELEN:**
Earthly realm — you mean Home-D? (TUTS) I don't appreciate… mysticism.

**HANNAH:**
I used to wonder if I was wrong for believing in something that others dismissed as fantastic. But what I've seen with the Doctor and Nyssa… I know now that 'fantastic' is the commonplace. I no longer need faith to believe. I *know*.

**HELEN:**
Know what?

**HANNAH:**
Know that all I believed was true! I'm moving through the shadows — through Shadow-*Space* — helping to guide others back to the light… And when we find this portal, You and Rimdelle and Valdac will guide me in turn. I'll be back in the mortal world and ready to live, live as never before.

**HELEN:**
(GETS UP) *If* we can get out.

**HANNAH:**
We will. You'll see.

**HELEN:**
It's a new morning, at any rate, and the mist has cleared. The Maschera must be getting something right. Wait. I don't think I remember that pagoda.

**HANNAH:**
It’s the one I saw when I walked in the grounds with Valdac. He didn’t recognize it either.

**HELEN:**
Random architecture generation? This place is shot to hell. I mean, look at the orangery. I could never see it from here before. It’s moved closer.

**HANNAH:**
You must’ve spent a lot of time there.

**HÉLÈNE:**
Yes… Yes, of course I did! (EXCITEDLY CROSSES BACK) Rimdelle! (SLAPS AND PUSHES HER) Rimdelle, come on, snap out of it.

**HANNAH:**
Steady, now.

**HÉLÈNE:**
She’s got to wake up. We need to get going. Now!

**47. INT. OUTSIDE CELLAR. DAY**

(BEHIND CELLAR DOOR, STEAMROLLER FX HEARD CLEARLY)

**DOCTOR:**
(RUNS TO STOP) The cellar, at last. (FX: OPENS DOOR) (CALLS) Nyssa? Valdac?

(THEY'RE IN CELLAR, STUMBLE-DRAGGING DEAD MAN FROM DISTANCE:)

**VALDAC:**
Is that him?

**NYSSA:**
Doctor!

**DEAD MAN:**
Dead Man's witch… (LAUGHS MANICALLY) Spells! The end. The end…

**VALDAC:**
Keep that door open!

(FX: THEY BURST OUT, PANTING. STEAMROLLER MAN EFFECTS NOISIER AND BUILDING)

**DOCTOR:**
Good to see you both. You're unharmed?

**NYSSA:**
Yes. But this man is sick.

**DEAD MAN:**
Done for. Done for.

**DOCTOR:**
He's in a worse way than I thought.

**VALDAC:**
He's *dead*, he says.

**DOCTOR:**
We must get back to the others. It's further than you think.

**NYSSA:**
More spatial anomalies?

**VALDAC:**
Without proper computer control, Shadow-matter grows volatile.

**DOCTOR:**
Yes. Expansion and contraction in a state of flux.

**STEAMROLLER MAN:**

(FROM CELLAR) A meeting of two friends, a meeting at two ends…

**NYSSA:**
That thing never gives up.

**DOCTOR:**
Neither must we. Come on.

**STEAMROLLER MAN:**
(OFF) Dead Man? Wise man. Goes to bed and cries man. Touch me. Touch you. All fall down.

**DEAD MAN:**
All fall down! Dead Man's… Ready. Ready for all fall —— down.

(HE DROPS. VALDAC GASPS AS HE TAKES HIS WEIGHT)

**VALDAC:**
I swear he's getting heavier.

**DOCTOR:**
(LIFTS DEAD MAN) I'll help you carry him.

**NYSSA:**
Doctor, they were talking to each other…

**DOCTOR:**
Yes, perhaps. Come on!

(FX: ALL EXIT)

**48. INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT**

**HELEN:**
Rimdelle! (SLAP!) Wake up! Wake —

**RIMDELLE:**
(GROANS)

**HANNAH:**
That's enough, Professor. She's coming round.

**RIMDELLE:**
(GROGGY) Helen? What happened? Sorry, that's a very predictable thing to say when you've blacked out…

**HELEN:**
I need you to focus.

(DOCTOR RUSHES IN, FOLLOWED BY NYSSA AND VALDAC)

**HANNAH:**
Doctor! Nyssa!

**HELEN:**
Valdac?

**DOCTOR:**
There's a Steamroller Man not far behind.

**HANNAH:**
What have you got there?

**NYSSA:**
A Dead Man. He's out cold again.

**VALDAC:**
Not one of us.

**RIMDELLE:**
We noticed. Ugh, what a state!

**HELEN:**
Valdac, help me get Rimdelle up on her feet.

**NYSSA:**
(AS VALDAC DROPS DEAD MAN) Don't just drop him, Valdac!

**DOCTOR:**
Rimdelle, you seemed to make contact with something while attempting to locate the main interface.

**HELEN:**
Never mind that.

**DOCTOR:**
(FIRM) On the contrary – I think we should mind it a very great deal.

**RIMDELLE:**
It was horrible, Doctor. Like I touched some kind of creature… cold. Lifeless.

**VALDAC:**
But surely over that link you could only connect with your Home-D self?

**RIMDELLE:**
(SARCASTIC) Yes, because everything else here is working perfectly, right? (REMEMBERS) It wanted me to… feel nothing. I should've been frightened, but I just felt… dead. Dead inside.

**NYSSA:**
Like the 'Dead Man'?

**VALDAC:**
We'll be dead all over, if the Steamroller Man catches up.

**RIMDELLE:**
I think I can walk.

**HELEN:**
The orangery isn't far now.

**HANNAH:**
Why the Orangery?

**DOCTOR:**
It can't give us protection from the Steamroller Man.

**HELEN:**
It may give us our way out. Think about it – in the scenario, why did I feel the need to stay there so often?

**VALDAC:**
So you could avoid the breathtaking responsibility of being a 'Deputy tech-Supervisor', playing with plants and birds?

**HELEN:**
(POINTED) Valdac, you're a neuroscientist, not a shrink. When I knew things were going wrong, I wanted to stay there all the time.

**DOCTOR:**
Because on a subconscious level, you wanted to stay close to the route back home…?

**NYSSA:**
The interface!

**RIMDELLE:**
Well, you are senior worry-wart.

**HELEN:**
Thanks!

**HANNAH:**
This could all be conjecture.

**VALDAC:**
So let's prove it. Find the interface. Come on, Rimdelle. You too, Helen.

(RIMDELLE, HELEN AND VALDAC LEAVE)

**DOCTOR:**
(CALLS) Wait! The Maschera warned me to leave the interface… (QUIETER) I'd better catch them up. Hannah, Nyssa, bring our sleeping friend, would you?

(DOCTOR EXITS, LEAVING NYSSA, HANNAH AND DEAD MAN)

**HANNAH:**
This man, he's so thin you can see through him.

**NYSSA:**
He's sick!

**HANNAH:**
Gives me the creeps.

**DEAD MAN:**
(GIGGLES) I'm going to give you more than that. More and more. (REPEATS, MUMBLING TO HIMSELF)

**NYSSA:**
He called himself 'I'. Not 'Dead Man' any more. He's getting more coherent.

**HANNAH:**
(GASPS) How can he weigh so much? There's nothing to him!

**DEAD MAN:**
More and more and more and more…

**49. INT. ORANGERY. DAY**

(FX: DOOR OPENS. HELEN, RIMDELLE & VALDAC ENTER)

**HELEN:**
Well, here we are. Just as 'Hélène' left it. The birds… I spent so long in here, but I can't remember naming a single one of them.

**RIMDELLE:**
Weird, isn't it. Like the house. Not so long ago it was a home, now it just feels… like somewhere you visited once.

**VALDAC:**
We'd better get searching the greenery. (FX: HE DOES SO) None of these plants are poisonous, are they? Even in Shadow-Space?

**HELEN:**
(SUDDEN) Careful with the big bushy one, Valdac. I – little niece Hélène, I mean – always stayed away from it.

**RIMDELLE:**
The leaves are so dark… (EXCITED, RUSTLING) Hold on, Valdac, hold back that branch, there's something here – YES! The primary–[interface!] (JUMPS) Ugh!

**VALDAC:**
Whoa!

**HELEN:**
Not glowing so bright now, is he? What's he doing there?

(DOCTOR RUSHES IN)

**DOCTOR:**
What is it? You've found the main interface?

**HELEN:**
And a Maschera.

**DOCTOR:**
Ah. Yes. They said to stay clear while they worked on it.

**VALDAC:**
This one's been destroyed.

**DOCTOR:**
Let me see.

**HELEN:**
Think he's past needing a Doctor…

(FX: SOUNDS OF DOCTOR TURNING IT OVER. RUSTLING AND SPARKS)

**VALDAC:**
It was connected to the interface. They both look burnt.

**DOCTOR:**
To a crisp. (BEAT) I wonder if it encountered the same presence you did, Rimdelle? A hostile force in the Shadow-Spatial systems…

**RIMDELLE:**
From the look of these connections, the Maschera wasn't trying to get through to Home-D. He was hooked up to the generator engine.

**DOCTOR:**
You mean the raw energy the systems use to fashion this Scenario from Shadow-matter?

**VALDAC:**
That's a lot of power. He must've lost control. It fried him.

**HELEN:**
Even the mask is burned black.

**RIMDELLE:**
Heaven knows what he was trying to do.

**VALDAC:**
Well, it's OK. These things can't really die, can they? Not like us.

**DOCTOR:**
I suppose the Maschera will reconstitute this one when they need to. They said they were working on repairing the interface…

**RIMDELLE:**
It looks a real mess.

(FROM OUTSIDE WE HEAR NYSSA CALLING)

**NYSSA:**
Doctor! He's too heavy… we can't carry him any further.

**DOCTOR:**
(EXASPERATED) What?

**VALDAC:**
Must be mass anomalies in addition to geographical…

**DOCTOR:**
(SIGHS) I'll be back.

(HE EXITS HURRIEDLY)

**RIMDELLE:**
Look at this. (FX: SINISTER RUSTLES FROM INTERFACE) The conduit through to Home-D has been severed.

**HELEN:**
Severed?

**RIMDELLE:**
Well, how did the Maschera manage that?

**VALDAC:**
Perhaps when the generator energy was released…

**HELEN:**
Never mind the Maschera! You mean to say that after all this, we can't get back to our real bodies?

**VALDAC:**
The damage can be repaired. Right, Rimdelle?

**RIMDELLE:**
Stay calm! Now we've found the fault, we can tell the Maschera - it's their job to sort it. And in the meantime, it gives me an idea how to deal with that steamrolling freak…

**50. EXT. THE GARDENS. DAY**

(DOCTOR HURRYING TOWARDS NYSSA, HANNAH AND DEAD MAN)

**DOCTOR:**
(IMPATIENT) Nyssa, Hannah? What's the difficulty?

**NYSSA:**
We're not coming over all weak and feeble, Doctor.

**HANNAH:**
The Dead Man… we can't move him.

**DOCTOR:**
Let me try. (STRAINING TO LIFT) Shadow-Spatial matter is low-density – that's why the subsidiary interfaces supply your real weight data for the systems to compensate.

**HANNAH:**
Obviously no one told *him* that.

**NYSSA:**
He's hardly doing it on purpose!

**DOCTOR:**
Or is he?

**NYSSA:**
(UNEASY) You think he can control his relative mass?

**DOCTOR:**
Nobody knows who this Dead Man is, or quite what he's doing here – not even the Maschera. (FRUSTRATED) We need solid answers, and all we get are shadows. Without the facts we're just blundering round in the dark.

**HANNAH:**
Help will come, Doctor. We'll find the light.

(FX: STEAMROLLER MAN EFFECT, DISTANT)

**NYSSA:**
Not if the Steamroller Man finds *us*.

**DOCTOR:**
In the house, he called the Dead Man a wise man. What was it he said?

**NYSSA:**
(RECALLS) "A meeting of two friends, a meeting at two ends…"

**DOCTOR:**
"Touch me, touch you, all fall down."

**HANNAH:**
Sounds ominous.

**DOCTOR:**
Doesn't it. I'd rather they stayed apart.

**HANNAH:**
But if we can't move the Dead Man…?

**NYSSA:**
Then we must prevent the Steamroller Man from reaching him.

**DOCTOR:**
We'll need help. Come on, both of you.

**NYSSA:**
We can't just leave him here!

**HANNAH:**
What can you do for him?

**NYSSA:**
I can stay with him.

**DOCTOR:**
Very well. But be careful. At the first sign of the Steamroller Man— (get back)

**NYSSA:**
Doctor, you're wasting time. Go!

**51. INT. ORANGERY. DAY**

(WE HEAR RIMDELLE WORKING - OCCASIONAL HISSES AND RUSTLES FROM THE EQUIPMENT.)
(SUDDEN LOUD RUSTLE)

**RIMDELLE (STUNG):**
Ouch!

**VALDAC:**
For god's sake, Rimdelle, be careful!

**RIMDELLE (WRY):**
Acting Supervisor, as team leader can you please get Valdac off my back?

**HELEN:**
Join me over here, Valdac.

**VALDAC:**
Helen, this is appallingly dangerous.

**HELEN (TIRED):**
Everything's dangerous right now.

**VALDAC:**
Space is distorting here because the interfaces have been compromised - intra-dimensional energies are bleeding through from outside while we're in deep-flight. The shadow-circuits must be seething with the stuff. What if Rimdelle can't contain it?

**RIMDELLE (CALLS):**
She has to!

**HELEN:**
Rimdelle's going to channel and direct just a little of that distorting energy, and focus it only on the Steamroller Man…

**RIMDELLE:**
Right. We distort *him*. Fold him in on himself.

(FX: DOCTOR & HANNAH ENTER)

**DOCTOR:**
(UNHAPPY) In other words, destroy him.

**HANNAH:**
He's trying to destroy us.

**DOCTOR:**
Hannah, stay by the window, keep an eye on Nyssa.

**HANNAH:**
Yes. Ever the lookout.

**VALDAC:**
I mean it, Helen - let through more of that intra-dimensional energy— (it could)

**HELEN (SNAPS):**
It's happening, Valdac.

**DOCTOR:**
He's right. The unleashed energy could kill us all.

HELEN:
(HARD) That entity is the result of your being here, Doctor - you are to blame, and you are tolerated here only while you continue to help. The Maschera can't or won't do anything, and we could all be steamrollered at any moment. Now, if you have any better suggestions we'd like to hear them.

**DOCTOR:**
(SIGHS) I don't. Except… I have the feeling we need to keep the Steamroller Man and the Dead Man very much apart.

**RIMDELLE:**
Initiating phase one linkage. (GASP) Ouch!

(FX: SHUSHING SOUND, HIGH RUSTLING.)

**DOCTOR:**
Rimdelle?

**RIMDELLE:**
(DISCOMFORT) The connections still aren't right. I'm not in phase…

**DOCTOR:**
Let me check the linkage. (HE WORKS — MORE SYSTEM SIGHS AND WHISPERS) If we bypass the secondary node…

**RIMDELLE:**
Ahh. That feels sharper. How can we be sure where Steamrolly's going to go?

**VALDAC:**
He'll come after the Dead Man.

**HELEN:**
That's our lure, then. The area ahead of the Dead Man — if it works we can deal with him too.

**DOCTOR:**
We still don't understand his function. He could be dangerous.

**VALDAC:**
(CROSSES TO WINDOW) What's Nyssa still doing out there?

**HANNAH:**
She's waiting with him. See?

**DOCTOR:**
His physical make-up has been altered somehow. He can't be moved.

**HELEN:**
Valdac, measure the distance to the warp-a-steamroller-man zone, can you? While the Doctor's helping Rimdelle.

**VALDAC:**
Got to be safer than in here.

(VALDAC EXITS)

**RIMDELLE:**
Doctor? In your own time.

**DOCTOR:**
Ah, yes. (WORKS) There's phase two linkage.

**RIMDELLE:**
Aha. Now I can see what's left of the environment in this Scenario. Not a lot. This place, the house, that weird pagoda in the grounds… Now I can start to influence the geography myself.

**HANNAH:**
Doctor! The Steamroller Man's left the house. Heading this way.

**HELEN:**
Rimdelle?

**RIMDELLE:**
On it. I see him in the shadows. When Valdac gives us the distance to fix, I'll be ready to feed through the intra-dimensional energies.

**DOCTOR:**
Not too much - or you could warp this entire part of the shadow-landscape out of existence!

**52. EXT. GARDENS OUTSIDE ORANGERY. DAY**

(DEAD MAN IS MUTTERING HIS NAME. STEAMROLLER MAN EFFECT IS APPROACHING)

**NYSSA:**
Valdac? What are you doing out here?

**VALDAC:**
Counting. (MUTTERS) 117… 118. (CALLS) Call it one-twenty metres, Rimdelle! (NORMAL) What are *you* doing, Nyssa? That Steamroller thing is on its way. You need to get to cover.

**NYSSA:**
I can't move the Dead Man.

**VALDAC:**
We don't need to. It's the area in front Rimdelle's going to blast — I hope.

**DEAD MAN:**
(CALM) Wait. It's almost time.

**NYSSA:**
Time for what?

**DEAD MAN:**
Time to go away. Everything. Everyone.

(FX: STEAMROLLER MAN VERY CLOSE NOW)

**STEAMROLLER MAN:**
Down you go beneath my drum. Tum-te-tum.

**DEAD MAN:**
Dum-de-dum. (GIGGLES, GRABS NYSSA and VALDAC)

**VALDAC:**
(GASPS) Let me go, freak! You're crushing my wrist.

**NYSSA:**
(PAINED) My fingers. Let go! Please!

**DEAD MAN:**
*Dumb*. De-*dumb*.

**NYSSA:**
(CALLING) Doctor, the Dead Man's got us!

**VALDAC:**
(YELLS) Rimdelle! Blast it now!

**53. INT. ORANGERY. DAY**

(IN HERE, STEAMROLLER EFFECT QUIETER BUT MENACING)

(PANIC & RAPID DELIVERY AS:)

**HANNAH:**
Doctor, something's wrong out there.

**RIMDELLE:**
You're telling me! I can't focus the intra-dimensional energies. There's nothing there.

**DOCTOR:**
Is it the interface?

**HELEN:**
The connections?

**RIMDELLE:**
I told you, nothing's there! Residual traces only.

**HELEN:**
You mean you didn't check?!

**RIMDELLE:**
Of course, but the readings are wrong! There *are* no energies to focus!

**HELEN:**
There have to be! If there aren't, then…

**DOCTOR:**
Then our Home-D selves aren't travelling through the fabric of the universe at all.

**RIMDELLE:**
But the Maschera said! If we're not in flight, why *were* we put here in Shadow Space?

**HANNAH:**
Doctor! Nyssa and Valdac - the Dead Man's got hold of them.

**DOCTOR:**
What? (JUMPS UP) Nyssa!

**54. EXT. GARDENS OUTSIDE ORANGERY**

(FX: STEAMROLLER EFFECT ACCELERATES)

**STEAMROLLER MAN:**
Come, come, under my drum. (REPEATS, UNDER:)

**NYSSA:**
(STRUGGLING) No! Dead Man, let go of us!

**VALDAC:**
(STRUGGLING) Happy now, Nyssa? Happy you tried to help this maniac?!

**DEAD MAN:**
Shush, shush. (MUTTERS) Not my time. Not yet. (CALLS) Here, my relentless other half. Two for you!

(DOCTOR SPRINTING TOWARDS THEM FROM OFF)

**DOCTOR:**
(SHOUTS) No! Dead Man, let them go!

**NYSSA:**
Doctor, please— [help us]

**DEAD MAN:**
Under the drum!!

(FX: STEAMROLLER SURGES FORWARD, OVER NYSSA AND VALDAC…)

**NYSSA/VALDAC:**
(SCREAM IN AGONY AS THEY ARE CRUSHED)

**DOCTOR:**
*No!!!* No, Nyssa, not you.

**STEAMROLLER MAN:**
Under my drum.

(STEAMROLLER REVERSES. HANNAH RUNS UP TO DOCTOR)

**HANNAH:**
Doctor, come back to the orangery. Please.

**DOCTOR:**
(BEREFT) There's no sign of them… no trace of the bodies.

**HANNAH:**
The Dead Man's gone too. Come on. There's nothing you can do.

**DOCTOR:**
Nyssa… dead?

**HANNAH:**
I'm so sorry. But you're coming with me if I have to drag you every yard!

(STEAMROLLER MAN ADVANCES.)

**55. INT. ORANGERY. DAY**

(HELEN SHELLSHOCKED, JUST WITNESSED THE HORROR.)

(FX: STEAMROLLER ADVANCING)

**RIMDELLE:**
Helen, what happened out there?

**HELEN:**
Valdac and the girl, the Steamroller Man… killed them. And now he's coming for us.

**RIMDELLE:**
This is like some stupid nightmare. Why are we here in Shadow-Space if we're not travelling? *Why are we here?*

(HANNAH DRAGS DOCTOR INTO ORANGERY. ALL TENSE.)

**HANNAH:**
Doctor - get *in* there!

**RIMDELLE:**
Doctor, what can we do?

**DOCTOR:**
(STUNNED) I… I don't know.

**HELEN:**
Doctor, snap out of it! That thing will crush all of us, we have to do something!

**HANNAH:**
What happened to that supposed energy in the ether?

**DOCTOR:**
(BITTER) It should've been there. All along we've believed ourselves to be in flight. The Maschera lied to us.

**HELEN:**
Or they didn't know. They've been affected by the breach too.

**RIMDELLE:**
Doctor, what if we rig the architectural configuration, hold him in a feedback loop like we did before?

**HANNAH:**
He'll just use the energy to send himself away again.

**RIMDELLE:**
Not if we use it first — against him. Trap parts of his actual form and substance in the loop. Tear him apart!

**DOCTOR:**
(A BIT VAGUE, DISTRAUGHT) The energy may not be strong enough to stop him.

**HELEN:**
It's all we've got.

**RIMDELLE:**
Doctor, please. I need you to help me make the shadow-connections.

(BEAT. HEAR RELENTLESS STEAMROLLERING VERY NEAR NOW)

**DOCTOR:**
Yes. Yes, of course. (BURSTS INTO ACTION) Rimdelle, I'll isolate some circuits that should hold the charge. Hannah, Helen — get out of here.

**HELEN:**
Why? If the Steamroller man destroys this place, the main interface goes with it. We'll be trapped here for good.

**56. EXT. OUTSIDE ORANGERY. DAY**

(FX: STEAMROLLER MAN CLOSE BY)

**STEAMROLLER MAN:**
No, no, no. Time to go. Where he comes from no one knows. Doctor, Doctor, no one knows. Out you go.

**57. INT. ORANGERY. DAY**

**DOCTOR:**
Right, Rimdelle. The shadow-charge should start building now. You must direct it with your mind.

**RIMDELLE:**
Gotcha, Doctor. I can feel the build…

**HANNAH:**
The Steamroller Man's right outside.

**RIMDELLE:**
Good. This charge is gonna go right through him.

**HANNAH:**
Like sticking a pin through a butterfly?

**HELEN:**
Hell of a butterfly.

**RIMDELLE:**
Hell of a pin.

**DOCTOR:**
Power's reaching maximum…

(FX: MASCHERA APPEAR)

**MASCHERA #1:**
Move aside. *We* shall execute the operation.

**DOCTOR:**
(ANGRY) So! The Maschera have decided to make an appearance.

**MASCHERA #2:**
We are your guardians.

**DOCTOR:**
Guardians?! Nyssa and Valdac were destroyed by that thing out there — and you did nothing!

**MASCHERA #1:**
We control the Interface. We must execute the operation.

**HANNAH:**
(WARNING) Doctor! It's here!

(FX: GLASS BREAKING, CRUSHED AS STEAMROLLER MAN SMASHES INTO ORANGERY)

**HELEN:**
Hannah, get back!

**RIMDELLE:**
Activating!

(FX: STEAMROLLER MAN ENGINE GRINDS, METAL RENDING SOUND)

**STEAMROLLER MAN:**
(WAILS)

**DOCTOR:**
Good, Rimdelle. The Steamroller Man can't push through the occlusion field. You've stopped him.

**MASCHERA #2:**
Now destroy him.

**DOCTOR:**
Wait! We still don't understand what happened to— [Nyssa]

**HELEN:**
Rimdelle, finish that thing before he escapes!

**RIMDELLE:**
(HARD) Let's play with your architecture, Mr Steamroller…

**STEAMROLLER MAN:**
(SHRIEKS)

**RIMDELLE:**
(EXHAUSTED) That's as much power as I can push at the occlusion field. Maschera, I've made sure the charge is self-sustaining. Got to rest now. So tired…

**HELEN:**
All right, Rimdelle. Well done.

**MASCHERA #1:**
The energy is sufficient to kill?

**MASCHERA #2:**
Eventually.

**MASCHERA #1:**
Then that is satisfactory.

**DOCTOR:**
(SICKENED) Now you've toyed half-heartedly with the concept of protecting the humans in your care, perhaps you'll tell us what we're doing in shadow-space at all?

**HELEN:**
We know our real selves aren't in intra-dimensional flight.

That means it's safe to make repairs to the whole system in Home-D.

**DOCTOR:**
But the interface is badly damaged. You must know a Maschera died trying to repair it? If we can't finish the job, there's no way back to Home-D.

**MASCHERA #2:**
That Maschera was not trying to repair the interface. He was destroying it.

(ALL AT ONCE:)

| **DOCTOR:** | **HANNAH:** | **HELEN:** |
| --- | --- | --- |
| What? | Oh, no… | Destroying…? |

**MASCHERA #1:**
Now, Doctor. Into the occlusion field.

**DOCTOR:**
(HE'S GRABBED BY MASCHERA) Aagh! Get off me!

**HANNAH:**
Leave him alone!

**HELEN:**
If that energy's destroying the Steamroller Man, it'll tear the Doctor apart.

**MASCHERA #1:**
The Doctor is alien. He is a destabilising agent with no value. He will be removed.

(FX: ENERGY HUM AS DOCTOR IS THROWN IN)

**DOCTOR:**
(YELLS IN PAIN)

**HANNAH:**
Rimdelle, wake up! Stop the power.

**MASCHERA #1:**
No. The Doctor must die.

**MASCHERA #2:**
And then we will harvest the three of you.

**DOCTOR:**
(AGONY) No!!

**58A. INT. SORDIDE SICK BAY. NIGHT**

(FX: SINISTER SYSTEMS TICK AND WHOOSH; LIKE 'MOONBASE' SICK BAY)

(NYSSA WAKES. A SLIGHT ROBOTIC TINGE TO HER VOICE — HER EMOTIONS HAVE BEEN TEMPORARILY STRIPPED OUT)

**NYSSA:**
(ROBOTIC) (WAKING) Hello? My voice… I feel so strange. (BEAT) Who's there? Why am I strapped down. Am I in hospital? I… I've been here before. Is this Home-D?

**MASCHERA #3:**
The alien Nyssa has transferred to Home-Dimension.

**MASCHERA #4:**
Consciousness intact?

**MASCHERA #3:**
Scanning.

**NYSSA:**
(ROBOTIC) Maschera. Something's wrong with me. Did the Steamroller Man do this? Help me, please.

**MASCHERA #3:**
The alien's consciousness is intact. Her contamination is removed from Shadow-Space.

**MASCHERA #4:**
Good. Now kill her.

**NYSSA:**
(ROBOTIC) No. Keep away! Keep away from me!

**END OF PART THREE**

**PART FOUR**

**REPRISE:**

***NYSSA:***
*(ROBOTIC) Maschera. Something's wrong with me. Did the Steamroller Man do this? Help me, please.*

***MASCHERA #3:***
*The alien's consciousness is intact. Her contamination is removed from Shadow-Space.*

***MASCHERA #4:***
*Good. Now kill her.*

***NYSSA:***
*(ROBOTIC) No. Keep away! Keep away from me!*

(CONTINUES INTO:)

**58B. INT. SORDIDE SICK BAY. NIGHT [CONTINUOUS]**

**MASCHERA #3:**
It is good to kill something that looks so human.

(NYSSA STRUGGLES, HALF-STRANGLED, GASPS UNDER:)

(VALDAC STIRS. ROBOTIC TINGE TO HIS VOICE FROM THIS SCENE ON, AS WITH NYSSA; NO BIG EMOTIONS, HE'S LOST THE ABILITY TO FEEL)

**VALDAC:**
(ROBOTIC) (WOOZY) What — what has happened to me?

**MASCHERA #4:**
Wait. Valdac has completed migration.

**MASCHERA #3:**
(RELEASES NYSSA — WHO COUGHS, GASPING FOR BREATH) The human was meant to be held in Shadow-Space. There will be a transference imbalance. Check consciousness readings.

**VALDAC:**
You're… Maschera? But your faces…

**MASCHERA #4:**
Valdac is now in a hybrid state. The cure will not work, but he is still useless to us like this.

**MASCHERA #3:**
He may yet be salvaged. Sedate him for now.

**MASCHERA #4:**
Activating neural-dampener.

(FX: ENERGY CHARGE)

(STRAPPED TO COUCH VALDAC STRUGGLES WITH MASCHERA)

**VALDAC:**
I'll take that.

**MASCHERA #4:**
The neural dampener can do me no harm, human!

**VALDAC:**
(FX: BUTTON BLEEPS) Not at this power setting, no. But if I push the levels up…

(FX: ZAP…!)

**MASCHERA #4:**
**(**SCREAMS AS HE'S THROWN BACKWARDS)

**MASCHERA #3:**
That was not wise, Valdac. We were trying to ***save*** you.

**59. INT. ORANGERY. DAY**

(FX: ENERGY CRACKLES HIGH. DOCTOR GASPING WITH PAIN IN THE TRAP PLUS GROANS FROM STEAMROLLER MAN)

**HANNAH:**
Doctor! Reach out from the light, I'll try to drag you out!

**DOCTOR:**
Hannah, no! You mustn't! (PAINED) The energy is killing me, it'll kill you too! So stay back! You too, Helen, Rimdelle!

**HELEN:**
Maschera, this is madness. The main interface has been severed. Without the Doctor it can't be repaired.

**MASCHERA #1:**
We told you, we destroyed it. We now have our own interface between Home-D and Shadow-Space – to accommodate both humans and ourselves.

**MASCHERA #2:**
Using you to counter the steamroller man meant we could devote all our resources to its construction.

(FX: RUSTLING ENERGIES DWINDLE)

(DOCTOR GASPS, RELEASED)

**HANNAH:**
(RUSHING OVER) It's released him! Doctor? Doctor, wake up!

**MASCHERA #1:**
The trap has failed. How-?

**RIMDELLE:**
Light sleeper, sorry. I drained the energy back into the power-packs.

**HELEN:**
And you were so busy gloating you didn't even notice. (HARD) You've been impersonating the real Shadow-Space guardians all along, haven't you? Who are you really, 'Maschera'? Behind those masks, I mean.

**MASCHERA #2:**
Show her. Show the humans our true features.

**MASCHERA #1:**
Agreed.

(FX: THEY RAISE THEIR MASKS – SMOOTH GLIDING EFFECT)

**HANNAH:**
Aliens.

**HELEN:**
But… I recognise you. You're… you're… there's a word, I can't quite [remember]

**MASCHERA #1:**
I am of the Vasteryoi. Indigenous to the Nextan Rim you colonised. Few humans have heard of us. None recognise our grievances. Your empire's propaganda machine has done its job as efficiently as ever.

**HANNAH:**
You. The other one. You're different.

**RIMDELLE:**
Three eyes. A Tendragon, is that right?

**MASCHERA #2:**
A knowledgeable human.

**MASCHERA #1:**
You stole our worlds. Now we have joined together to steal this shadow-world from you.

**HANNAH:**
Doctor? Doctor, we need you!

**MASCHERA #2:**
The Doctor is broken. And your free will is no longer necessary. Now we will take and occupy your minds.

(FX: SPOOKY WHISPERING SOUND-EFFECT)

**HELEN:**
(TEETH CHATTERING) No. No. Get back. Get — (SCREAMS)

**60. INT. SORDIDE SICK BAY. NIGHT**

**MASCHERA #3:**
Give me the device, Valdac. Your bodies are out of stasis-lock now; we can hurt you, or kill you. Your female ally lies close to death. You cannot escape.

**VALDAC:**
I don't want to escape. I want you out. This is my home.

**MASCHERA #3:**
The arrogance of a human. This is not your home. And it will be fumigated of the human disease.

**VALDAC:**
I know what you are. You're a Tendragon.

**MASCHERA #3:**
Yes. The masquerade is over.

**VALDAC:**
I thought your kind had been resettled to the outer cluster.

**MASCHERA #3:**
These lands are ours. Give me the device!

**VALDAC:**
No.

(FX: ZAP!)

**MASCHERA #3:**
(STUNNED) Futile… (COLLAPSES)

(BEAT)

**VALDAC:**
Nyssa? Nyssa, are you —?

**NYSSA:**
(GROGGY, ROBOTIC TINGE) Alive. But I feel — strange. (GETTING OFF COUCH, GOING OVER) You were very brave, Valdac, to attack the Maschera.

**VALDAC:**
I don't feel brave. (GETS UP) I feel calm. Absolutely calm, like there's nothing inside.

**NYSSA:**
(ROBOTIC TINGE) (UNDOING HIS STRAPS) You'll feel less numb out of these straps.

**VALDAC:**
Thank you.

**NYSSA:**
(ROBOTIC TINGE) Where are we? A medical centre?

**VALDAC:**
We're in the interment bay. The storehouse for our bodies, while our minds are in shadow-space. (GETTING UP) We should check the others.

**NYSSA:**
(ROBOTIC TINGE) (THOUGHTFUL) Two alien species, behind those masks. One a… Tendragon, did you say?

**VALDAC:**
(SLIGHTLY OFF) Yes. I don't know what the other one is. —

(FX: OFF, DOOR OPENS)

**VALDAC:**
Here's everyone. Rimdelle, Bethan. Charles. Helen…

**NYSSA:**
(ROBOTIC TINGE) (WALKS OVER) The Doctor and Hannah, too.

**VALDAC:**
Only their bodies are here. The rest of them's in Shadow-Space.

**NYSSA:**
(ROBOTIC TINGE) Where *is* here?

**VALDAC:**
Come on. Maybe I'll find something that will make me remember.

**NYSSA:**
(ROBOTIC TINGE) Maybe you won't want to.

(FX: THEY EXIT)

**61. INT. ORANGERY. DAY**

**MASCHERA #2:**
Deputy Tech-Supervisor Helen Towers is secured. Hannah Bartholomew is next.

**HANNAH:**
But I don't belong here. This isn't my world.

**MASCHERA #1:**
That never normally bothers a human.

**DOCTOR:**
(WEAK) Leave her alone…!

(FX: SPOOKY WHISPERING SOUND-EFFECT)

**HANNAH:**
(TEETH CHATTERING THEN SCREAMS)

**MASCHERA #2:**
You'll forget the pain, Hannah. Forget you'll be doing *our* bidding from now on.

**RIMDELLE:**
Doctor, please, get it together – Helen and Hannah are zombies… and I'm next!

**MASCHERA #1:**
We must possess your consciousness. It will be well looked-after.

**DOCTOR:**
(WEAK) Run, Rimdelle. I'll try to slow him down.

**MASCHERA #1:**
You, Doctor? You are a dead man.

(CRUNCH OF BROKEN GLASS AS DEAD MAN STEPS INSIDE)

**RIMDELLE:**
Uh… actually I think you'll find *he* is the Dead Man.

**DEAD MAN:**
And I need gather myself no longer.

**MASCHERA #2:**
The rogue element.

**MASCHERA #1:**
The last threat to be dealt with!

**DEAD MAN:**
You didn't deal with me when I was weak. Now, I'm strong again.

**MASCHERA #1:**
We can summon others.

**DEAD MAN:**
But you won't.

(FX: 2 x BOLTS OF ENERGY IN RAPID SUCCESSION, STRIKING MASCHERA)

**MASCHERA #1:**
(DEATH AGONY)

**MASCHERA #2:**
(DEATH AGONY)

(BEAT)

**RIMDELLE:**
Both dead.

**DOCTOR:**
(TO DEAD MAN) Was that really necessary?

**DEAD MAN:**
As the function of the Steamroller Man was to cleanse, mine is to kill.

**62. INT. SORDIDE CORRIDOR. NIGHT**

(VALDAC AND NYSSA WALKING. VALDAC'S VOICE IS STILL ROBOT-TINGED; HE SPEAKS WITHOUT EMOTION. NYSSA'S IS NORMAL AGAIN.)

**NYSSA:**
I'm beginning to feel myself again.

**VALDAC:**
I am not.

**NYSSA:**
Perhaps it's a side-effect of whatever it was the Maschera did to us? It'll wear off, I expect.

**VALDAC:**
Perhaps. Or perhaps…

**NYSSA:**
Valdac? Can you remember something?

**VALDAC:**
The name of this place… is *SORDIDE* Delta.

**NYSSA:**
'Sordide'?

**VALDAC:**
An acronym. Scientific Outpost for… (REMEMBERS) Research and Development of Intra-Dimensional Energies. Set up to facilitate new ways of traversing the universe.

**NYSSA:**
Not a spaceship like the Maschera said, then. An outpost in space. What were you working on?

**VALDAC:**
A means of protecting the human life force while its shell weathers energies inimical to its existence.

**NYSSA:**
(REALISES) Shadow-space. You were creating it on this base… (TRAILS OFF, STOPS WALKING) What's that up ahead. Against the wall?

**VALDAC:**
(GOES TO SEE) Corpses. Nadja and Caveny. They were… my friends.

**NYSSA:**
I'm sorry.

**VALDAC:**
I… I don't feel anything. Why don't I feel anything?

**NYSSA:**
Wait. I recognise these people… (REMEMBERS SUDDENLY) The Doctor and Hannah and I had just arrived here. The TARDIS didn't crash — the dimensional anomalies caused by Shadow-Space around this base *dragged* us to this outpost. Caveny and Nadja were aggressive, they forced us into the interment bay. Into Shadow-Space.

**VALDAC:**
They were the last watch. Holding on.

**NYSSA:**
What?

**VALDAC:**
I don't think the Maschera killed Nadja and Caveny. I think… they killed each other.

**NYSSA:**
But why would they…?

**VALDAC:**
There's a room. See. A room along here…

(FX: BUTTON PRESSED. DOOR HUMS OPEN)

**NYSSA:**
(REVOLTED) So many bodies…

**VALDAC:**
My crewmates. Something happened to us… *before* the aliens came.

**NYSSA:**
What?

**VALDAC:**
I need to remember. I need to access the SORDIDE log in the Data-room. This way.

**63. INT. ORANGERY. DAY**

(DOCTOR INSPECTING ZOMBIFIED HANNAH AND HELEN)

**DOCTOR:**
Your function may be to kill, Dead Man. Mine is to help, if I can.

**RIMDELLE:**
Can you help Helen and Hannah?

**DOCTOR:**
I don't know. It's like their minds have been switched off. Who exactly are you, 'Dead Man'? What are you doing here?

**DEAD MAN:**
I am the final guardian of this domain.

**RIMDELLE:**
Why should we believe you any more than the Maschera? You said the Steamroller Man was here to cleanse – but he was going to destroy us!

**DEAD MAN:**
Not you, Rimdelle. His protective function was to drive out the alien element and restore stability – by ejecting the Doctor and Nyssa and the Maschera from Shadow-Space. You should not be here because you were never in flight.

**RIMDELLE:**
What?

**DEAD MAN:**
Home-D is not a spacecraft. Your bodies reside in a Scientific Outpost for Research and Development of Intra-Dimensional Energies, where the development of Shadow-Space is at an advanced stage.

**DOCTOR:**
You're not just using Shadow-Space, Rimdelle – you've been creating it.

**DEAD MAN:**
There was an infectious outbreak in Home-D. A fatal sickness. Bodies were placed in medical stasis and Shadow-Space became your sanctuary. But the Maschera gained access to the outpost and hacked into the systems. (BEAT) Your incompatibility is no longer relevant, Doctor. Shadow-Space is beyond resurrection.

**DOCTOR:**
The humans still trapped here are not!

**DEAD MAN:**
The Maschera must be trapped here too, and destroyed. I am the last line of defence.

**DOCTOR:**
If you and the Steamroller Man were the true guardians, why so cryptic before?

**DEAD MAN:**
Unavoidable. My RATs had been devastated by the Maschera's forced entry.

**DOCTOR:**
Rats? You mentioned Rats in your delirium…

**RIMDELLE:**
Duh! R-A-T - Random Access Tools. If he really is a 'guardian', RATs would connect him with the raw fabric of Shadow-Space, all the connecting fibres.

**DEAD MAN:**
It took time for them to auto-repair and reconnect me with my function.

**DOCTOR:**
And until that happened you were useless. A Dead Man. (REALISATION) No, more than that! A Dead Man's *switch* – am I right?

**DEAD MAN:**
A switch that was thrown the moment the Maschera compromised the Shadow-Space scenario. I am equipped to destroy all.

**DOCTOR:**
So if the Steamroller Man could not erase the infected areas of Shadow-Space, if the corruption was too great to be remedied, if no-one more could be saved, he would turn to you…

**DEAD MAN:**
One touch. The trigger to release my destructive power.

**RIMDELLE:**
And now that he *can't* trigger anything?

**DEAD MAN:**
I must find an alternative way to reach critical mass.

**DOCTOR:**
Wait a moment… If the Steamroller Man's purpose was to cleanse, then his victims - the ones he seemed to crush…

**RIMDELLE:**
They weren't killed?

**DEAD MAN:**
No. Their consciousness would have been returned to Home-D.

**DOCTOR:**
Then the real Nyssa and Valdac may still be alive!!

**RIMDELLE:**
In Home-D. In the scientific outpost. With this 'sickness' … and the invaders.

**64. INT. SORDIDE DATA-ROOM. NIGHT**

(FX: DOOR SLIDES OPEN)

**VALDAC:**
Here. (GOING OVER) This is the Data Room. Hope my thought-link's still functioning. (GASPS)

(LOUD START-UP CHIME)

**NYSSA:**
Valdac! We don't want the Maschera to hear us…

**VALDAC:**
I'm into the systems. You sound afraid, Nyssa. (FX: THINK CUBE EMITS SOFT BEEPS) I would like to feel afraid.

**NYSSA:**
Don't worry. I'm afraid enough for two.

**VALDAC:**
Yes. Here. Towers' last entries before she went into life-support. (PAUSE, SOFT BEEPS) Life-support's treating everyone in Shadow-Space, even now.

**NYSSA:**
Everyone?

**VALDAC:**
The sickness came from nowhere, spread through the crew. Heightened the emotions. Made ordinary people into vicious killers at the smallest excuse. In the end we'd all contracted it.

**NYSSA:**
So those of you who could still think put your bodies into life-support and your minds into Shadow-Space.

**VALDAC:**
We used it to create back-ups of ourselves. (REMEMBERING) Because the 'cure' that I devised was a desperate remedy.

**65. INT. ORANGERY. DAY**

**RIMDELLE:**
If the Steamroller Man's equipped with some kind of soul-ejector switch - can we use that to get out?

**DOCTOR:**
Not after you folded him in on himself so effectively.

**DEAD MAN:**
He is dead.

**RIMDELLE:**
No way out to Home-D then. Not that things sound much better there than here.

**DOCTOR:**
The Maschera stabliised Shadow-Space and created their own interface. If we could only get to it…

(FX: 2 x MASCHERA APPEAR)

**RIMDELLE:**
Speak of the devils.

**DEAD MAN:**
Go from here.

**MASCHERA #5:**
You should not resist us, Dead Man.

**MASCHERA #6:**
We are saving the humans.

**RIMDELLE:**
And blocking the door.

**DOCTOR:**
Rimdelle, get behind me.

**MASCHERA #6:**
The Dead Man is fully functional?

**MASCHERA #5:**
Not now his ally has been destroyed by the humans.

**DEAD MAN:**
Do not underestimate my powers—— [aaaa!]

(FX: RUSTLING ENERGY, DEAD MAN SCREAMS)

**MASCHERA #5:**
Nor you ours.

**DOCTOR:**
What have you done to him?

**MASCHERA #5:**
Now we have forced Shadow-Space into contraction, its fabric and energies are easier to control. It no longer tries to reject us. (FX: ADVANCES ON BIRDCAGE — BIRDS TWEET FRETFULLY) But what *we* reject, we can remove.

(BIRDSONG SHUTS OFF WITH A SINISTER RUSTLING)

**MASCHERA #6:**
See?

**DOCTOR:**
Helene's birds. You've deleted them.

**RIMDELLE:**
(SHAKILY) All right, you can control shadow-data. But manipulating the fabric like that will make this realm more unstable than ever.

**MASCHERA #6:**
Only a small area is now required for our little army of the possessed. Ready for use against their own kind. Ready to kill millions.

**66. INT. SORDIDE DATA ROOM. NIGHT**

**NYSSA:**
Let me see if I understand, Valdac. This sickness amplified emotions in its hosts until they were driven mad and died.

**VALDAC:**
Yes. Tests showed that enforced muscular inactivity allowed the body to adapt to the virus and survive it – so long as emotional activity was also suppressed.

**NYSSA:**
So everyone went into Shadow-Space – to be backed up?

**VALDAC:**
The only way we could survive the illness was to control our emotions. To take on more robotic attitudes, and we only had access to one programmable robot in Shadow-Space…

**NYSSA:**
(GRIM) The Steamroller Man.

**VALDAC:**
We stripped it down. Took apart the coding. Used the peripheral interfaces to drain off our emotional responses and upload computerised aspects back to Home-D.

**NYSSA:**
And left the Steamroller man corrupted by your emotions, stripped of all but its most imperative function – to keep you safe. But then, why have the Maschera come here? What do they hope to achieve in Shadow-Space?

**67. INT. ORANGERY. DAY**

**DOCTOR:**
Won't you at least tell me what it is you're doing here, Maschera? It's partly thanks to me that your plans have reached fruition, after all.

**MASCHERA #6:**
The humans in Home-D sought a cure for the sickness we gave them by coming here.

**MASCHERA #5:**
But we stole into their base while they slept. Analysed their cure. It is ingenious – but the humans' shadow-selves are all we need to undo it.

**MASCHERA #6:**
We intend to re-infect the humans' bodies. That will give them immunity – so that they will become carriers of the disease.

**RIMDELLE:**
Carriers?

**DOCTOR:**
Yes. So when your shadow-selves go back into your bodies, the Machera's hold on their minds will leave them conditioned to spread this contagion – is that it?

**MASCHERA #5:**
Far and wide through the human colonies.

**RIMDELLE:**
You'll kill millions!

**MASCHERA #6**
Only humans. The sickness leaves no long-term damage to the alien physiognomy.

**MASCHERA #6:**
Returning the systems of the 'Human Empire' to the people you usurped.

**MASCHERA #5:**
And now, Doctor – Rimdelle must be ours, and you must leave Shadow-Space.

**DOCTOR:**
What do you propose to do – use spatial energy against me like you did against the Dead Man? Risky, I'd say…

**RIMDELLE:**
I told you - manipulate the fabric of Shadow-Space in this compressed form and you risk total collapse.

**MASCHERA #5:**
Something cruder then. Let us demonstrate how humans will do our bidding. Did you think we had forgotten Helen Towers and Hannah Bartholomew?

**MASCHERA #6:**
Our sleeping killers.

**MASCHERA #5:**
Let them wake.

**HANNAH:**
(ZOMBIFIED) The Doctor must be destroyed.

**HELEN:**
(ZOMBIFIED) Destroyed.

**DOCTOR:**
It's the Maschera thought control. Hannah, Helen, listen to me. You're being used.

**RIMDELLE:**
Get away from them, Doct—

(FX: SPOOKY WHISPERING SOUND-EFFECT)

**RIMDELLE:**
(TEETH CHATTERING THEN CRIES OUT)

**DOCTOR:**
(GROANS) Oh, Rimdelle, not you too!

**RIMDELLE:**
(ZOMBIFIED) The Doctor… must be… destroyed…

**HANNAH/HELEN/RIMDELLE:**
(ZOMBIFIED) Destroyed. Destroyed. Destroyed.

**MASCHERA #5/MASCHERA #6:**
<LAUGHTER>

**68. INT. SORDIDE SICK BAY.**

(THE MASCHERA KNOCKED OUT BY VALDAC RECOVER)

**MASCHERA #3:**
(GROANS) The alien Nyssa and the rogue human…

**MASCHERA #4:**
They are loose in the base. Sound the alarm.

**69. INT. DATA-ROOM.**

(FX: ALARMS BLARE OUT)

**VALDAC:**
The Maschera I knocked out…

**NYSSA:**
They've been found, or they've recovered.

**VALDAC:**
They've ruined everything. Emotionless, I might have starved the infection and survived. Then the Maschera broke in and ruined my plan.

**NYSSA:**
(TENTATIVE) You don't sound emotionless now, Valdac?

**VALDAC:**
It is a statement of fact, Nyssa.

**NYSSA:**
No. Your feelings will return, like mine did.

**VALDAC:**
You are not human. My 'cure' had no claim on you. Perhaps you were immune to the sickness in the first place.

**NYSSA:**
We must get back. The Maschera said they would send you back into Shadow-Space through their own portal. If we can only use it to get back, we can try to lead the others out.

**VALDAC:**
Most likely they're all dead.

**NYSSA:**
We have to try!

**70. INT. ORANGERY. DAY**

(DOCTOR IS BEING STALKED THROUGH ORANGERY BY RIMDELLE, HELEN AND HANNAH – THEY SOFTLY CHANT 'DESTROY' UNDER:)

**MASCHERA #6:**
You persist in fighting on, Doctor, when hope is gone.

(DOCTOR MOVES THROUGH THE FOLIAGE, KNOCKING OVER PLANTS)

**DOCTOR:**
Lost causes are the ones worth fighting hardest for, I find. Look at yourselves, Maschera – you must be wishing you'd picked on an easier target than humans developing their own extra-dimensional hideaway.

**MASCHERA #5:**
The choice was deliberate. Our intelligence networks have been aware of Shadow-Space for some time, Doctor.

**MASCHERA #6:**
And how it can be used to further *our* empire's space travel ambitions.

**DOCTOR:**
Oh, come on. For all your ingenuity, you must have been cross when the humans cured your sickness so quickly.

**MASCHERA #5:**
The humans' so-called 'cure' is not a pleasant one, Doctor. We are saving them from themselves.

(FX: RUSTLE OF PLANTS)

**MASCHERA #6:**
Come out from there, Doctor.

**MASCHERA #5:**
Is this how you wish to die, Doctor? Cowering among the plants?

**DOCTOR:**
I'm not cowering. (FX: WIRES UNPLUGGING) I'm *finding*.

(FX: RUSTLING POWER BUILDS)

**MASCHERA #6:**
Power packs…?

**DOCTOR:**
Exactly! The occlusion energy Rimdelle diverted from the attack on you is all stored up in these power packs – and ready to be discharged!

(FX: SHADOWY CRACKLES)

**MASCHERA #5/MASCHERA #6:**
(CRY OUT AND COLLAPSE)

**DOCTOR:**
There was rather more in there than I thought.

**HANNAH:**
(RECOVERING) Ohhh… Doctor?

**DOCTOR:**
Easy, Ms Bartholomew.

**HANNAH:**
Still here, are we?

**DOCTOR:**
The blast I gave the Maschera has released you from their mental hold. The Professor and Ms Rimdelle, too.

**HANNAH:**
I don't know what the deuce you're talking about.

**RIMDELLE:**
Oh, my head *again*.

**DOCTOR:**
You're bound to feel disorientated. But you're back to your normal selves. Now, we must get out of here before the Maschera revive.

**HELEN:**
Doctor, what happened to the Dead Man?

**DEAD MAN:**
(APPROACHING FROM OFF) I am… still live.

**DOCTOR:**
I wish I could say I was relieved.

**DEAD MAN:**
I need more power, Doctor.

**DOCTOR:**
That was the last.

**DEAD MAN:**
I can scent more…

**DOCTOR:**
Another power source?

**RIMDELLE:**
Enough for you to reach that critical mass you mentioned?

(DEAD MAN EXITS, CRUNCHING OVER THE GLASS)

**HELEN:**
Wait!

**DOCTOR:**
We must follow him. I'll tell you all we've learned in your absence on the way…

**71. INT. SORDIDE CORRIDOR/STOREROOM. NIGHT**

(FX: ALARM STILL GOING)

**VALDAC:**
(FOLLOWING NYSSA) Nyssa, wait.

**NYSSA:**
What is it?

**VALDAC:**
Maschera coming. From the direction of sick bay. In here. Storeroom.

(FX: DOOR SLIDES OPEN. NYSSA SEES TARDIS INSIDE)

**NYSSA:**
The TARDIS! It's in here!

**VALDAC:**
This is your trans-dimensional craft?

**NYSSA:**
Yes. If only we could get inside. But only the Doctor has the key.

**VALDAC:**
Quiet.

(FX: MASCHERA PASS OUTSIDE)

**MASCHERA #7:**
(OVER TANNOY) Technical squad report to Interface. Resistance must be removed. The humans must be harvested.

**VALDAC:**
You must be right. The Doctor and the others are fighting back.

**NYSSA:**
If we can only trap the Maschera *inside* Shadow-Space and get the Doctor and the others out. How can we find this interface?

**VALDAC:**
Follow the Maschera. They just summoned their tech-squad. They can lead us there!

**72. EXT. CROSSING GARDENS. DAY**

**HELEN:**
So the Maschera infect us, and when we cure ourselves, infect us again?

**RIMDELLE:**
And give us the urge to haul our plague-carrying backsides across the galaxy, killing every human we meet. Nasty devils, aren't they?

**DOCTOR:**
Or desperate. Perhaps your expansionist policies made them that way.

**HELEN:**
You're taking their side over ours?

**DOCTOR:**
I try to see both.

**HANNAH:**
Can you see the Dead Man?

**DOCTOR:**
He must be heading for that pagoda. It stands out like a sore digit — the site of their interface, I'd imagine.

**HELEN:**
Their species are a lot less human than you and Nyssa - they would've had a job filtering into Shadow-Space through the main portal.

**DOCTOR:**
Hence their erratic behaviour upon arrival, and the dead one you found in the orangery. But they've been working hard to stabilise their own interface. Now they've done so, it's possible the Dead Man can draw power from it.

**HANNAH:**
If only we could get through to the real world. Out of the shadow into the light…

**73. INT. SORDIDE CONTROL ROOM**

(NB VALDAC'S CONDITION IS WORSENING; ADD PROCESSING BUT KEEP IT CLEAR)

**VALDAC:**
(SOTTO) There you go, Nyssa - the Maschera have set up their interface in the base's main control room. Logical choice - access to the main powerlines and close enough to the interment bay to tap the shadow-spatial reservoirs.

**NYSSA:**
(SOTTO) All I can see are two armed guards outside the door.

**VALDAC:**
(SOTTO) Stay here. I still have the neural-dampener. I want to use it. (GIVES ROBOTIC-EDGED WAR CRY, CHARGES TOWARDS MASCHERA)

**MASCHERA #8:**
Human!

**MASCHERA #7:**
Kill him— AGGH!

(FX: DAMPENER ZAPS TWICE, THREE TIMES, FOUR; 4 x MASCHERA DROP)

**NYSSA:**
(RUNS TO JOIN HIM) Valdac, that's enough. Stop it!

**MASCHERA #9:**
(FROM OFF) *Not*… enough!

(FX: GUN BLAST)

**VALDAC:**
Aaagh!

**NYSSA:**
Valdac! (PICKS UP DAMPENER) You've seen what this device can do, Maschera. Put down your gun.

**MASCHERA #9:**
Would a little alien girl use that?

(FX: DAMPENER FIRES)

**NYSSA:**
Yes. (GRIEF NOW) Valdac? Valdac, where were you shot…?

**VALDAC (DYING):**
It's… all right, Nyssa. I told you. I don't… feel anything.

**NYSSA:**
(CROSSING ROOM; WE CAN HEAR VALDAC BREATHING HOARSELY UNDER)
Let me see if there's some kind of medical kit around here. Er…

(FX: DOOR OPENS. POWERFUL ATMOSPHERE, RUSTLING AND HISSES. DIFFERENT TAKE ON SHADOW SPACE)

**NYSSA:**
Oh no. More Maschera! Lying there, like they're asleep. How can I connect to their interface? (VALDAC STOPS BREATHING) Valdac? Valdac, are you listening? (REALISATION; HE'S DEAD) Oh, Valdac.

**74. INT. PAGODA.**

(FX: WEIRD ATMOSPHERE HUM)

(DOOR PUSHES OPEN)

**DOCTOR:**
Here we are then - the Maschera's bridgehead.

**HANNAH:**
It's somewhat crowded.

**HELEN:**
Our crew! The others, they're here…!

**DOCTOR:**
Crammed in like cattle.

**RIMDELLE:**
Look! Jean's here!

**DOCTOR:**
Then it wasn't the Steamroller Man who got at them, but the Maschera.

**HANNAH:**
They're in some kind of trance.

**DOCTOR:**
Much as you were. More of the Maschera's mental control. They must've considered Helen, Rimdelle and Valdac the best qualified to deal with the steamroller man.

**HELEN:**
And me just a deputy.

**RIMDELLE:**
We should press Central for a pay-rise.

**HANNAH:**
Doctor, how can you get everyone out of this?

**RIMDELLE:**
Through the portal and into their Home-D bodies?

**HELEN:**
That's what the Maschera want!

(FX: 1 x MASCHERA APPEARS)

**DOCTOR:**
Oh no…

**RIMDELLE:**
A Maschera!

**HANNAH:**
This one looks… different.

**HELEN:**
The boss, perhaps?

**MASCHERA PRIME:**
I am the Maschera Prime, architect of this great masquerade. Your interference will go no further.

**DOCTOR:**
Quickly! Everyone grab one of the crew.

**HELEN:**
Human shields?

**RIMDELLE:**
Whoops! Sorry, Jean. Christmas party all over again.

**HANNAH:**
Very well, Doctor — now what?

**MASCHERA PRIME:**
You think you can hide from me?

**DOCTOR:**
You have gone to a great deal of trouble to process these people. If we were to kill them now, right here…

**MASCHERA PRIME:**
You would not.

**HELEN:**
Wouldn't we? It's the only defence we have left.

**RIMDELLE:**
He's another Vasteryoi, isn't he? A bit more full of himself.

**DOCTOR:**
Why resort to these terror tactics, Maschera Prime? You have grievances, but surely an appeal through independent arbiters…?

**MASCHERA PRIME:**
Spend years waiting for due process of law while the humans steal our homes, erase our cultures? Our armies might be too small to wage effective war - but still we can retaliate.

(FX: MORE MASCHERA APPEAR. NINE FXs, ONE AFTER ANOTHER)

**HELEN:**
And speaking of which…

**RIMDELLE:**
They're coming through en masse.

**DOCTOR:**
I'm warning you. Tell your forces to back off.

**MASCHERA PRIME:**
Technicians — wait.

**HANNAH:**
I like them better with the masks on. Hateful things.

**MASCHERA PRIME:**
Hateful? Quite the reverse. The Doctor will die, but you others… we are literally saving you from yourselves.

**RIMDELLE:**
What do you mean?

**MASCHERA PRIME:**
The cure to our sickness removes all emotion from your being. You will become… dead inside. You will never feel alive again.

**HELEN:**
Like the Steamroller Man…

**DOCTOR:**
Why should we believe you? You've done nothing but lie to us from the start.

**MASCHERA PRIME:**
Give yourselves up to us, and you will be yourselves.

**RIMDELLE:**
We'd be your slaves. Remote-control killers.

**MASCHERA PRIME:**
Our hold on you will fade over time and distance. You will be free.

**DOCTOR:**
Once the damage has been done.

**MASCHERA PRIME:**
Live for us, or die now. That is your choice.

**75. INT. SORDIDE CONTROL ROOM**

**NYSSA:**
(FIDDLING WITH CONNECTIONS) Is this right, I wonder? If the connectors are intuitive then it ought to work…

(FX: HISS AND RUSTLE OF SHADOW-SPACE)

**NYSSA:**
If I lie in the shadow… and close my eyes… <GASPS>

(FX: RUSTLING GETS WEIRDER)

**NYSSA:**
No… Something's wrong… No!!

**76. INT. PAGODA.**

**MASCHERA PRIME:**
Listen to me, humans. We have sufficient numbers to overwhelm you before you can do much damage to your friends. Then we shall find the Dead Man, and we shall take him apart, cell by shadowy cell… We cannot fail. You can only surrender.

**RIMDELLE:**
He's right.

**DOCTOR:**
No, Rimdelle.

**MASCHERA PRIME:**
*Yes*, Rimdelle. Why should you sacrifice yourself when we can ensure you live?

**HANNAH:**
It's *how* you live that matters.

**HELEN:**
Even if we stopped the Maschera… We'll stay trapped in here.

**DOCTOR:**
I'll get out somehow - find a way to treat the sickness, transfer your true consciousness back to your bodies.

**MASCHERA PRIME:**
That is not possible.

(FX: VARIANT ON MASCHERA NOISE, SICKLY SOUND)

**HELEN:**
Wait. What's that?

**HANNAH:**
A shadow… growing on the wall.

**RIMDELLE:**
The Interface?

**NYSSA:**
(WEIRD FX) Doctor… Doctor, please, I'm … trying to reach you…

**DOCTOR:**
(SHE'S ALIVE!!!) Nyssa…! Nyssa, you're alive! Where are you?

**MASCHERA PRIME:**
The girl is attempting to enter Shadow-Space.

**NYSSA:**
There's a barrier… I'm trying to push against it…

**MASCHERA PRIME:**
No! Our Interface supports only our DNA-matrix and that of the humans — an alien presence will create instability…

**DOCTOR:**
All over again.

**HELEN:**
Shadow-space won't stand it.

**DOCTOR:**
Nyssa, you can't come through!

**NYSSA:**
Doctor…?

**MASCHERA PRIME:**
Stop her, Doctor! Or all of us will die here.

**DOCTOR:**
Get back from the portal, Maschera. (MASCHERA SHUFFLE ASIDE. DOCTOR CALLS:) Nyssa, it's me. If you attempt to force a way through, the portal may well collapse. Intra-dimensional energy will flood inside…

**NYSSA:**
I'm trying to return… it's so dark…

**DOCTOR:**
You must try, Nyssa.

**RIMDELLE:**
(ASIDE) If the interface goes down…

**HELEN:**
(ASIDE) I know. No way back for any of us.

**HANNAH:**
(ASIDE) Our spell in the light will be ended.

**DOCTOR:**
There'll be a way out of the darkness, Nyssa.

**HANNAH:**
Into the light.

**DOCTOR:**
Hannah, come here.

**MASCHERA PRIME:**
Why?

**DOCTOR:**
I need her. Leave your shield, Hannah. That's right.

(HANNAH JOINS HIM)

**HANNAH:**
(LOW) Well? Doctor?

**DOCTOR:**
(LOW) The moment Nyssa's returned, I'm going to send you through the portal. Sit tight. I'll find a way— [to reach you]

**MASCHERA PRIME:**
What is this… trickery? (GRABS DOCTOR BY THROAT) Human-loving scum.

**DOCTOR:**
[GASPS]

**HANNAH:**
No!! (HANNAH BREAKS THEM UP) I shall guide *you* out of the shadows, Doctor.

**DOCTOR:**
(TEARS FREE) What—?

**MASCHERA PRIME:**
No!

**HANNAH:**
Out of the shadows… and into the light!

(SHE SHOVES DOCTOR INTO INTERFACE)

**DOCTOR:**
(ECHOES) Hannah, don't…!

**RIMDELLE:**
Oh my…

**HELEN:**
Force him into the portal when Nyssa's still trying to cross and it'll overload for certain—!

**DOCTOR:**
(CRIES OUT)

(FX: THE PORTAL EXPLODES IN SPARKS.)

**77. INT. SORDIDE CONTROL ROOM**

(DOCTOR WAKES WITH A START AS IF FROM NIGHTMARE)

**DOCTOR:**
… Hannah, no!

**NYSSA:**
Doctor! You made it through.

**DOCTOR:**
Nyssa…? You're unharmed?

**NYSSA:**
I'm fine, I think… just dizzy. This is the outpost, in Home-D.

**DOCTOR:**
(FRANTIC) The others! Hannah pushed me into the portal as you were trying to leave it. Two conflicting alien DNA masses in the interface… Oh no.

**NYSSA:**
What is it?

**DOCTOR:**
The interface is disintegrating. Now the Maschera have contracted Shadow-Space there won't be enough mass to absorb the feedback…! (SICK RUSTLING SOUND) I've got to get them out of there!

**NYSSA:**
(HELPLESSLY) The systems aren't responding…!

**78. INT. PAGODA**

(FX: APOCALYPTIC SHADOWY NOISES… THINGS FALL APART)

**HANNAH:**
There, alien! The Doctor is saved.

**MASCHERA PRIME:**
Idiot human!

(PUSHES HANNAH AWAY, SHE CRIES OUT)

**HELEN:**
Hannah! What have you done?

**RIMDELLE:**
(SHELLSHOCKED) Shadow-space is finished. We all are.

**MASCHERA PRIME:**
We must undo the damage. Technicians!

(FX: DOOR SLAMS OPEN)

(DEAD MAN ENTERS)

**DEAD MAN:**
*Now* there is power.

**RIMDELLE:**
Dead Man…?

**DEAD MAN:**
(STOMPS FORWARD, STRUGGLES) Raw energy. Enough to fulfil my function.

**HANNAH:**
(TO HELEN) I'm sorry. I had to save him. He can save others.

**HELEN:**
But not us. Not now.

**RIMDELLE:**
Helen…? I don't want to kill people…

**HELEN:**
And I don't want to turn into some living dead thing. But…

**DEAD MAN:**
(THROWING MASCHERA ASIDE) Get back, Maschera!!!

**MASCHERA PRIME:**
Stop him!!! Stop him!!!

**DEAD MAN:**
Now.

(FX: CATASTROPHIC NOISE IMPLODES INWARDS TO NOTHING)

**79. INT. SORDIDE CONTROL ROOM**

(FX: CATASTROPHIC NOISE COLLAPSES INTO SILENCE)

**NYSSA:**
The Maschera… Doctor, they're all dead.

**DOCTOR:**
Neural feedback. (BEAT) Shadow-Space has been destroyed.

**NYSSA:**
Hannah, Rimdelle, the others…?

**DOCTOR:**
(FEARS THE WORST) I don't know.

**NYSSA:**
Quickly. Their real bodies are in the interment bay.

(THEY RUN. CROSSFADE TO:)

**80. INT. SORDIDE INTERMENT BAY**

(FX: LOW CHIME.)

**MEDICAL DRONE VOICE:**
Shadow-Space critical error. Waking subjects.

(FX: LOW REVIVING HUM AS DOCTOR AND NYSSA RUN INSIDE)

**DOCTOR:**
We're too late. The collapse of Shadow-Space has revived their bodies. But with the interface down… their consciousness couldn't get through.

**NYSSA:**
Then… the cure will have left them without feeling. Dead inside, like robots.

**DOCTOR:**
Did the Maschera tell you that?

**NYSSA:**
No. Poor Valdac. The sickness works on emotions, and to cure it…

**DOCTOR:**
Yes. So I was told. But I can do better. I'm a Time Lord! I can bring them back.

**NYSSA:**
But Doctor, Shadow-Space has gone - there's nothing *to* bring back.

**DOCTOR:**
Hannah's stirring. Come on. (CROSSES) Hannah! Easy, now…

**HANNAH:**
(ROBOTIC) Doctor. Nyssa.

**DOCTOR:**
I can help. I can do *something*.

**HANNAH:**
(ROBOTIC) Leave.

**NYSSA:**
Yes. We'll get you home. I've found the TARDIS, we can— [go]

**HANNAH:**
(ROBOTIC) *You* leave. I cannot return home transfigured in this way. I shall stay here. Learn. Become productive.

**DOCTOR:**
Hannah, you've been through a great trauma, you're not thinking clearly.

**HANNAH:**
(ROBOTIC) I think… *more* clearly now. If you leave, Helen and the others are more likely to accept my presence here and allow me to integrate. They are like me now; you are not. It is best I stay with them.

**DOCTOR:**
I see.

**HANNAH:**
(ROBOTIC) Do not feel distress, Doctor, Nyssa. Our actions may have saved millions of human lives. The matter was concluded correctly.

**DOCTOR:**
(BITTER) Correctly…!

**HANNAH:**
(ROBOTIC) Leave now. It is my firm request.

**RIMDELLE:**
(ROBOTIC GROAN)

**NYSSA:**
The others are waking. (PAUSE) Doctor, we should go.

**DOCTOR:**
Nyssa…?

**NYSSA:**
Hannah made her choice in Shadow-Space. We must respect it here.

**DOCTOR:**
There's a way back for her. There must be. If only I could think…!

**NYSSA:**
Doctor, there's nothing you can do!

**HANNAH:**
(ROBOTIC) Your companion is correct. Doctor, you must leave.

**DOCTOR:**
I'm so sorry, Hannah. If only…

**NYSSA:**
Doctor, come on.

(THEY WALK AWAY)

**RIMDELLE:**
(ROBOTIC) It is bright in here, Miss Bartholomew.

**HANNAH:**
(ROBOTIC) The shadows are gone now, Rimdelle. From this day, to our end… we will walk in the light.

**END OF PART FOUR**